TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VI — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1929 — NUMBER 4

Scholarship and Popularity

THE *Princeton University Press Almanac*, prefacing its remarks with the statement that some years ago a candidate for the degree of Ph.D. at the New Jersey institution had attempted to make his thesis readable only to have it returned on the score that it looked insufficiently scholarly and should have more footnotes, references, and quotations, proceeds to ask "Why is it, we wonder, that scholars feel that a book which is popular cannot be scholarly, or perhaps it would be more accurate to inquire why they feel that a scholarly, or sound, book cannot be popular?"

Many a scholar undoubtedly, having in mind such writers of the last century as Greene and Huxley, and of the present as Robinson and Eddington, would hasten to disavow such an attitude. Yet there can be little question that on the whole the *Almanac's* editor is correct in assuming that the tendency of the scholar is to be sceptical of the book which is popular, and doubtful of the popularity of the book which is scholarly. Experience has taught him to be,—experience and knowledge of the facility that is the curse of our contemporary civilization. Here in America, especially, we are a facile people—not volatile as are some of the Latin nations who are lively and facile in their emotions and enthusiasms—but facile in the ease with which we adapt ourselves to circumstances and circumstances to ourselves. We have a natural aptitude for the practical, an inventiveness and a self-confidence that incline us to a belief in our own powers. We have also an impatience of disposition which is at once strange in a nation that hewed its civilization out of a wilderness and explicable in a people which triumphantly surmounted enormous hazards. Having conquered difficulties, we resent barriers. We have formed the habit of rushing them, and if they are intellectual rather than physical we still want to take them at a hurdle. We are, moreover, a literate people, in comparison with some of the older nations which still retain a caste sytem, an educated people. Consequently we have a thirst for knowledge. But we want it to come, like business success and national greatness, quickly. Hence the vast amount of popular science, of journalized history and biography and economics that fills our newspapers and our periodicals.

* * *

The doubting scholar is right very frequently in believing that the book which is popular, or perhaps, we should say, written for popularity, is not scholarly. Often, all too often it is the product of the journalist's pen, a pen skilled to present with animation facts which have been culled with a nice sense for the significant and the striking from a quarry the quality of whose contents its wielder has insufficient knowledge to estimate. That facility of which we spoke before as native to the American is nowhere more apparent than in the field of literature where fluency and a gift for sprightly expression seem to be a dower so general as to be usual. There is an enormous amount of informative writing constantly issuing from the press that is interesting, instructive, often accurate, but that merely skims the surface of knowledge. In so far as he bases his belief that popular writing cannot be scholarly on this grist the objector is right in his strictures.

But is he right when he holds that a scholarly, or sound, book cannot be popular? We believe not, except if by scholarly he may mean abstruse or pedantic. And that is merely to maintain that a book that is unintelligible except to the specialist or overladen with erudite detail cannot be of interest to the many. Scholarship in itself will never make for lack of popularity in a book,—only the failure of scholarship to write in terms comprehensible to the multitude. William James never lacked for a public that reached far beyond the confines of the university, and William James was proclaimed by Europe one of the foremost scholars and philosophers of his day. Every schoolboy has read Prescott, and Prescott in his field is still a scholar unsurpassed. We cease to present examples; to labor the point is a work of supererogation. No one is so benighted as seriously to hold that learning as such is a handicap. On the other hand, there is no denying that learning unadorned by imagination, and inarticulate except in a technical jargon, is unattractive to the masses. If actually a book that is "scholarly, or sound, cannot be popular," it is not because scholarship *per se* cannot be attractive but because scholars do not know how to make the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth wear variety and significance even while they are maintaining accuracy. Nothing could be more fatal for scholarship than

(*Continued on page* 52)

This Tree

By FRANCES M. FROST

TODAY being what it is, tomorrow being
Something quite different, and yesterday
Over and done with, I shall stand here, seeing
This gaunt tree on the sky, and note the way
The limbs go north. I shall, perhaps, indulge
In some brief speculation on the why
Of northward-blowing branches that divulge
A windy beauty even when they die.

Knowing today an entity, no part
Of hours past or hours yet to come,
I shall look sharply in at my own heart
And see this tree set down to raise the sum
Of things the day laid open to my sight.
And I shall wonder, peering through the slit
Reft in tomorrow by approaching night,
What I shall think of then, remembering it.

This Week

"The Ascent of Humanity."
Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW.

"The Cycle of Modern Poetry."
Reviewed by HARRY HAYDEN CLARK.

"Sham-Battle."
Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS.

"Homeplace."
Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

"Soldiers of Misfortune."
Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL.

Night Club."
Reviewed by JOHN CARTER.

"Civic Training in Soviet Russia."
Reviewed by WILLIAM C. HUNTINGTON.

"The Woman Who Commanded 500,000,000 Men."
Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH.

"The Irish Free State."
Reviewed by FRANK MONAGHAN.

Next Week, or Later

The Romany.
By WALTER STARKIE.

Johnson and Poetry*

By R. W. CHAPMAN

THIS is the subject of an ancient controversy, which is not likely to be settled. It was not long ago revived by the publication by Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate, of a collection of his prose writings. Among these is one which Dr. Bridges illustrates by an examination of "Lycidas," "Adonais," and "Thyrsis." In his remarks on "Lycidas" he naturally glances at Johnson's notorious criticism, which he ascribes to the operation of "common sense" and "an unpoetic mind."

This view of Johnson is, of course, nothing new. In his own day he was accused of blasphemy against Shakespeare; and those of his contemporaries who disliked him, for political or personal reasons, fastened with glee upon those passages in the lives of Milton and of Gray by which, as they imagined, the Lord had delivered him into their hands. In our time, some of his verdicts on Shakespeare and Milton have been unsparingly condemned. The latest writer on Johnson, Mr. Christopher Hollis, though a fervid admirer of his character and of his writings, declares him "incapable of esthetic appreciation." "The window of beauty was a window through which he could never look." "For poetry, in the strict sense of the word, he cared nothing."

Hero-worshippers are prone to the mistake of making for their hero extravagant and unnecessary claims. Boswell could not be completely happy unless Johnson were allowed to derive some "additional lustre" from his knowledge of Greek. Johnson has himself warned us against this error. "We must confess the faults of our favorite (he has the temerity to write of Shakespeare) to gain credit to our praise of his excellencies." Even the most ardent Johnsonians are now content to admit that it matters little how much Greek Johnson knew. It is not now necessary to anyone's happiness that he should think Johnson a great poet, nor perhaps even that he should regard him as an exceptionally subtle and discriminating judge of poetic excellence. But if we are asked to believe him "incapable of esthetic appreciation" our peace of mind is at an end. For the appreciation of great poetry is not a rare gift. Dr. Bridges in his discussion of "Lycidas" makes his appeal to the verdict of common men and even of childen. "'Lycidas' has, in spite of the extravagance of its conventions, grown in favor, and firmly holds its claim to be one of the most beautiful of the great masterpieces of English verse." He rightly dismisses the notion that "Lycidas" can be admired only by the learned; "it might be urged," he tells us,

> that with Milton and Shelley, who were educated by Hellenic models, and had come by reading and meditation to have panoramic views of history and truth, it was natural to write at that height—their poetic diction may be the spontaneous utterance of their subconscious mind—but that it is nevertheless regrettable because common folk whom they might otherwise delight and instruct cannot understand it. This is a wrong notion. It was not Dr. Johnson's ignorance or deficient education that made him dislike "Lycidas." It was his unpoetic mind that was at fault, and his taste in music or painting would probably have been at the same level. Moreover, children do not resent what they cannot understand in poetry, and they generally have a keener sense for beauty than Dr. Johnson had—indeed, if he would have become again as a little child, he might have liked "Lycidas" very well.

We know that Dr. Johnson had no ear for music; neither had Charles Lamb. His indifference to painting (which he perhaps humorously exaggerated) may be explained by the same disabilities

* The following article constitutes the greater part of an address delivered by Mr. Chapman in 1928 in Lichfield on the occasion of the 219th anniversary of Johnson's birth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which forced him to abstain from botany. But note that his blindness and deafness to painting and music are openly and brazenly proclaimed by himself. He does not say, and could not have believed, that his taste in poetry was "at the same level." No. If Dr. Bridges is right, then Johnson, in devoting the best years of his life to the study and criticism of poetry was guilty of a tragic error. He mistook, and misused, his transcendent gifts.

It is now clear that I and those who think with me, must not pretend to take a dispassionate view of this question. Our affections are engaged. "Truth will always bear examination," a Scotch lawyer told Johnson. "Yes, sir, but it is painful to be forced to defend it. . . . Being angry with one who controverts an opinion which you value is a necessary consequence of the uneasiness which you feel. Every man who attacks my belief, diminishes in some degree my confidence in it, and therefore makes me uneasy."

But, unbelievers will perhaps ask, why, in the face of the strong evidence which they adduce, must we insist upon poetic susceptibility as a part of Johnson's character? Why are we not content to admire and revere him as a great moralist, a great prose writer, an unchallenged master of practical wisdom? The answer is, I think, that on those terms we might admire Johnson, but could not love him. It is not possible—at this distance of time—to love a man, however great and good, who thinks "Lycidas" a bad poem, unless we can satisfy ourselves with some explanation of that strange opinion, short of stark insensibility. Dr. Bridges has told us, in effect, that Johnson was a pedant, to whom the vision that is given to children was not given. Has he not proved too much? Could worldly wisdom, however fortified by morality, however illumined by intellectual power, retain that hold upon the hearts of men which Johnson has always had, if his humanity were indeed destitute of that part of human excellence which we call the love of beauty?

❧ ❧ ❧

Before we approach the problem of Johnson's dealings with Milton, it will be convenient to collect, from his written and oral works, some specimens of his opinions and tastes on poetry. It would

Boswell was sometimes tempted to think that when Johnson showed insensibility to the beauties of certain versifiers, those beauties were "too delicate for his robust perceptions." But he is constrained to add that "when he took the trouble to analyze critically, he generally convinced us that he was in the right."

His reading of poetry was by common consent "grand and affecting." Mrs. Thrale protests that "it defeats all power of description; but whoever once heard him repeat an ode of Horace would be long before they could endure to hear it repeated by another."

Nor was his appreciation always calmly and placidly critical. "Such was his sensibility," Boswell tells us, "and so much was he affected by pathetick poetry, that when he was reading Dr. Beattie's 'Hermit' in my presence, it brought tears to his eyes." When he declaimed against devotional poetry, Mrs. Thrale used to remind him that "when he would try to repeat the Dies iræ, dies illa, he could never pass the stanza ending thus, 'Tantus labor non sit cassus,' without bursting into a flood of tears."

Johnson's admiration of Thomson is significant. Thomson wrote about the beauties of Nature (to which Johnson has been supposed indifferent), and in blank verse (which Johnson notoriously disliked). Yet it appears that it was Johnson who secured his admission to the collection of the Poets, from which the Booksellers designed to exclude him. His estimate of Thomson's poetry deserves to be quoted.

> He is entitled to one praise of the highest kind; his mode of thinking, and of expressing his thoughts, is original. His blank verse is no more the blank verse of Milton than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowely. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius; he looks round on Nature and Life with the eye which Nature bestows only on a poet; the eye that distinguishes, in everything presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute. The reader of the "Seasons" wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shows him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson impresses.

The attitude of Johnson to Milton is a matter of admitted difficulty. If we consider it in the light

with the delight, the undying astonishment, that greets poetic greatness. It is not natural to suppose that the critic enjoyed the poem, was moved to eloquence by its poetical beauties?

When Johnson comes to the discussion of Milton's peculiarity of diction, he dismisses the doctrine that it should be imputed to his "laborious endeavors after words suitable to the grandeur of his idea."

> The truth is that, both in prose and verse, he had formed his stile by a perverse and pendantick principle. He was desirous to use English words with a foreign idiom. This in all his prose is discovered and condemned; for there judgment operates freely, neither softened by the beauty nor awed by the dignity of his thoughts; but such is the power of his poetry, that his call is obeyed without resistance, the reader feels himself in captivity to a higher and a nobler mind, and criticism sinks in admiration.

Is not this language strangely like Dr. Bridges's on a very similar subject? Dr. Bridges tell us that Milton, by poetic magic, so transmutes the pedantic conventions, the "strange and meaningless" terms of "Lycidas" into beauty, that they do not "sound frigid or foolish in the poem." "Such is the power of his poetry," writes Johnson, "that his call is obeyed."

Johnson recounts briefly what he considers as the faults of "Paradise Lost," and adds that "he who can put them in balance with its beauties must be considered not as nice but as dull, as less to be censured for want of condor than pitied for want of sensibility."

These words, again, are strangely like those in which Dr. Bridges condemns their writer for his censure of "Lycidas."

❧ ❧ ❧

We have now accumulated a mass of evidence which seems to support the view, commonly accepted, that Johnson was a man of more than ordinary poetic sensibility and power of critical discrimination. This is not a very high claim. We know that men of talents far inferior to Johnson's may, by the exercise of thought and imagination, qualify themselves to receive the pleasure which great poetry gives, and to judge the degrees of poetic merit. I advance a higher claim in urging that Johnson's

are those who think that he wrote one very g... poem; and he certainly wrote some lines, which though far below the highest order of poetry, are yet true poetry. Everyone knows the conclusion of "The Vanity of Human Wishes." Perhaps Johnson's highest poetic expression was reached in those lines which he furnished as a conclusion to Goldsmith's "Traveller":

> How small of all that human hearts endure
> That part which kings or laws can cause or cure.
> Still to ourselves in every place consigned
> Our own felicity we make or find.
> With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
> Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
> The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
> Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
> To men remote from power but rarely known
> Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

It is remarkable that Johnson was unable to see any great merit in the poets who were his contemporaries in middle and later life, except in Goldsmith. His praise of Gray's "Elegy," indeed, is generous, and its sincerity will not be doubted. But it is well known that, in certain moods at least, he decried even the "Elegy," which he once declared had but two good stanzas. He asserted that Dodley's collection of contemporary poems (which, at the date of the anecdote, already included the "Elegy," and Johnson's own Satires) contained no poem that "towered above the common mark." He puzzled Boswell and others by his failure to see anything in such a poet as Mason. It is stranger to us that he could write as coolly as he does of Collins, whom he had known and loved.

But it will not do to infer from this indifference that Johnson cared only for poems of sublime structure or of commanding human interest. We recall his admiration of Goldsmith's descriptive pieces; the subtleties of his sustained analysis of Cowley; his pleasure in Dryden's "wild and daring sallies of sentiment," in "the regular and excessive violence" of Dryden's wit; his delight in "the most attractive of all ludicrous compositions," "The Rape of the Lock," and his relish of "the clouded thoughts and stately numbers which dignify the concluding paragraph" of "The Dunciad."

his politics, as a morose and acrimonious man, [illegible] Johnson was strongly prejudiced against the use, in poetry, of the heathen mythology, especially when mixed with Christian doctrine; and in particular against the pastoral convention. On the other side, when we come to Johnson's praise of "Paradise Lost," we shall be bound to keep in mind his theological interest and his profound piety. The "Paradise Lost" was a work which he could not but admire, even against his will.

❧ ❧ ❧

It is worth while to examine in some detail the history of Johnson's relation to Milton. It began early. In 1750, when Johnson was still a young man, and still at heart a Jacobite—when his Toryism was still kept alive by his hatred of George II—he was deluded by a Scotish literary adventurer, one William Lauder; who by an impudent forgery had made it appear that Milton in his "Paradise Lost" had borrowed largely from the work of modern Latinists. Lauder's method was to interpolate, in the poems of Grotius and others, Latin translations of lines from "Paradise Lost," and to confront the result with Milton's English, in proof of plagiarism. The book is called "An Essay on Milton's use and Imitation of the Moderns in his 'Paradise Lost.' Things Unattempted yet in Prose or Rhyme." He dedicated it to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and induced Johnson to contribute a preface. Mark Pattison, in his "Life of Milton," describes Johnson and Lauder as a "pair of literary bandits," "conspiring to stamp out Milton's credit."

Let it be remembered that the subject of "Paradise Lost," and the poet's relation to his theme, were sufficient in themselves to command Johnson's respect. "Every line," he says, "breathes sanctity of thought and purity of manners." The end of the poem "is to raise the thoughts above sublunary cares or pleasures." Milton's "studies and meditations were an habitual prayer." The effect of Johnson's mind may have been so powerful as to silence prejudice and extort praise. But rational, respectful admiration for a great labor of piety does not seem to explain the sentences we have quoted; they ring

That Johnson's heart, as well as his head, was engaged in his love of poetry has also been shown; and the variety of his speculations on the instruments of poetry—diction, imagery, versification— proves that his interest in poetry was comprehensive. Finally I suggest that only a true perception, and an exceptionally vivid perception, of the poetic beauties of Milton can be held to have moved Johnson to a strain of eloquence which may itself be called poetical.

"It is time to return to "Lycidas" and the Poet Laureate, and to inquire whether Johnson's failure to admire that poem is indeed inexplicable on any other theory than that of sheer inaccessibility to poetic beauty; whether his dislike of "Lycidas" is enough to upset all probabilities; to nullify the verdict of his age and his own profession; to prove him the victim of a strange self-deception; to convict him of the insensibility which he pitied in others.

The Poet Laureate is, no doubt, familiar with those essays in which Walter Raleigh suggested that Johnson's strictures on Lycidas" might admit of excuse, and even of some defence. Raleigh supposed Johnson to have come to "Lycidas" with strong prepossessions against the use of heathen mythology and the convention of pastoral elegy; preposessions which may be forgiven if we remember some of the eighteenth century poems in which Johnson had been nauseated with crooks and pipes, with Delias and Neaeras; and of which it was certainly true that "where there is fiction, there is no passion." To this should be added that Johnson was shocked by the mixture, in "Lycidas," of "trifling fictions" with "the most awful and sacred truths, such as ought never to be polluted with such irreverent combinations."

Raleigh went beyond palliation. "Is there," he asked, "nothing artificial and far-fetched about the satyrs and the fauns with cloven heel? . . . Does the beauty and wonder of the poem derive from the allegorical scheme to which Johnson objected?" He went still further in his suggestion that Johnson may be right when he asserts that "Lycidas" "is not to be considered as the effusion of real passion; for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opinions." He quotes the poem of Cowley to which Johnson refers, with the remark that

there can be no question which of the two poems is the more vivid in its memories and the tenderer in its affection.

Ye fields of Cambridge, my dear Cambridge, say
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth ye gentle trees for ever fade;
Or your sad branches thicker joyn,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my Friend is laid.

And he quotes Johnson's own lines, "On the Death of Dr. Robert Levett":

A poor thing, perhaps, to set beside the splendors of "Lycidas"; yet it has in it all that Johnson looked for, half puzzled, in that greater elegy, and looked for in vain. It tells us more of Levett than of Johnson; in "Lycidas" we are told more of Milton than of Edward King.

Dr. Bridges sweeps these heresies aside. Read the poem, and all difficulties disappear. The heathen deities and the pastoral machinery are properties; and "in esthetic no property is absurd that is in keeping." The properties, like the conventional diction, are right; they are made right by poetic magic. Even that "strange and meaningless invocation"—

And O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth,

"does not sound frigid or foolish in the poem." The suggestion that "Lycidas" is deficient in sincerity, Dr. Bridges turns against Milton's critics:

Rather it is evident that it was the very strength of the poet's feelings that has forced the transmutation of his memories and of the practical aspects of life into a dreamy, passionate flux, where all is so heightened and inspired that we do not wonder to find embedded therein the clear prophecy of a conspicuous historical event; though the whole of literature can scarcely show any comparable example.

"Rather it is evident." Any child can feel the poetic magic of "Lycidas." And "though the whole of literature can scarcely show any comparable example," no indulgence is given to Johnson, or to Raleigh, for any failure to feel it.

Between two great critics, I do not presume to decide. Perhaps Dr. Bridges is right, and Johnson is here guilty of unpardonable error. But I suggest again that Dr. Bridges proves too much. If Johnson's condemnation of "Lycidas" is indefensible, let it not be defended. But it is surely more reasonable to suppose that he erred by some intelligible delusion —or even, if you like, wilfully, by wanton petulance—than to adopt an explanation which, once we accept it, makes shipwreck of his life, of his works, and of his reputation.

If Johnson's response to "Lycidas" remains, as I think, a perplexing problem, his relation to Milton's poetry as a whole admits of an explanation: an explanation less simple than the Poet Laureate's, but more consonant with Johnson's character. You will remember the unreasonable, but not ignoble wrath with which old Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley (in Scott's "Woodstock"), turned his daughter's lover from his house, because that conscientious young Parliamentarian had induced him to express admiration of "Comus," without disclosing that the poem was by Milton. "Thou hast made me speak words of praise respecting one whose offal should fatten the region kites." Sir Walter's pleasant fiction may help us to understand what Johnson had to go through. It requires some exercise of the historical imagination to realize how Johnson, in his youth, must have hated Milton; the passions which Milton's life and his political writings must have excited in the young Royalist breast. We are told—and we can believe it—that his "abhorrence of Milton's political notions was ever strong." If with this in our minds we read what Johnson wrote, in 1750, of Milton's genius and of his great poem, we shall either dismiss his language as insincere rhetoric, or we shall see in it the rare outcome of a spiritual conflict—the generous surrender which a conquered enemy sometimes pays to his victor. When, in old age, Johnson turned once more to this theme, we find the old animosity and the old enthusiasm still at war in his heart. It is impossible to read his life of Milton without sorrow that so great a man as Johnson found it so hard to forgive. It should be impossible to read his criticism of Milton's poetry without joy for its splendid generosity, without delight in its noble fervor.

The Clue to the Rise of Man

THE ASCENT OF HUMANITY: AN ESSAY ON THE EVOLUTION OF CIVILIZATION. By GERALD HEARD. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

MR. HEARD'S thesis is as comprehensive as the story of man. It proposes a new solution of the essence of the process of civilization. The catholic name for it is history; but history carried back far enough in time becomes anthropology, and carried down deep enough in motive becomes psychology. Evolution as biological only failed to touch the plot of the drama; it just set the stage. The orthodox concept of history is the sequence of events,—of invention, political organization, conflicts for power, expansion of dominion, with due reference to the scene and environment on the one hand and the play of motives and ideas on the other. The modern manner of telling the story has shifted the perspective decidedly and enhanced the interest intelligently. But in Mr. Heard's view it missed the clue; and it missed it for a momentous psychological reason. It failed to

One of the drawings by Harry Cimino for "And Then Came Ford," by Charles Merz. (Doubleday, Doran).

grasp that the modern man who wrote all that history, and his more authentic counterpart, the travelling anthropologist who saw it in the making and in its earlier stages, was in the high individualistic stage of human development; so long as he used those modern lenses he could see only what was in their focus. The resulting distortion is complex.

The real story of man is psychological, and it lies in one central dynamism, the consciousness of individuality. Here, then, is the true historic-anthropologic-psychological scale that measures the ages and stages of man in his ascent: first he is in the pre-individual stage; then in the proto-individual stage; then in the pioneer individual stage, feeling his way toward the modern status. An Arrest of Individuality in the monastic age; and the process continues with the Upper Individuality, which is humanism, with the interlude of the protest of the Lower Individuality in the revolutions of the common men grown conscious of their "individual" power, and makes way for the Enlargement of Individuality in the present and the future. It is a bold, panoramic view, with a sweep so vast and an objective so intensively maintained, that the strain on the reader's vision is severe and unremitting. But it is worth the effort.

The thesis is strong in its illumination of the primitive mind. That topic has moved forward in complexity from Tylor's animism (now held to be an individualistic psycho-morphism), through Levy-Bruhl's "collective representation" (much nearer the mark), and his consequent recognition of the pre-logical stage of human thinking. Radin introduced a many-sided correction of that; and the Heard super-correction makes the primitive mind and the primitive man the unindividualized *homo*, the pre-individual. The tribal consciousness, the tribal life is all there is. The individualized mind of the modern cannot grasp that, cannot ask the native the right questions or understand his lack of interest in their answer. The fallacy is less crude than that of the missionary, who spoke wholly in alien terms, but is of the same psychic genealogy. The first emergence of the individual in that homogeneous collectivism is the priest-doctor-king; and he is suspected as well as feared by reason of that contrast. From him emerges the hero, the earliest stage of the pioneer, soon to be followed by the varied procession of true individuals in early history. From there on the evolution becomes rapid and complex, and the concepts used for its illustration spread to the entire repertory of institutional history.

This new type of emergent evolution offers much solid food for reflection. It is a pregnant master-idea; and its fate at the hands of historians, traditionally suspicious of generalizations, will be watched with interest. But we have been prepared for the radical innovation. The Wells view of the historical process was an easy and engaging fluidizing of the orthodox rigid view; Denison offered a further stimulation in his presentation of history as a shift of emotional play; the biologists have offered an emergent concept, making the total consummation something more than its constituent factors; and Heard soars boldly into an all-inclusive formulation, not without its mystical element. For his concluding chapter, which weakens his thesis, looks forward to an enlarged consciousness by inclusion of the speculative and questionable data of a transcendent Psychic Research. That involves a confusion of consciousness as a psychological status with the social aspects of the relation, that forms the consistent concept of the other chapters. It ambitiously answers the question: Whither mankind?

Clearly this closely packed volume is no diversion for an idle summer day. The thesis is followed through with a wealth of interesting application, the value of which only the specialists in the history of religion, of the mores, of political dominion, of cultural institutions, can adequately appraise. In comparison with it, the Freudian interpretation, which is slightly mentioned, seems a partial simplification. Common to the two is conflict of the individual with the social expression; but that itself is a high-grade product of individualization. The volume aims to introduce a new type of value, a distinctive scale for measuring the stages of human evolution. Those who deal with the larger phases of man's destiny, read in his past and projected to his future, cannot afford to neglect this comprehensive generalization. The centralizing of the psychological factor is in accord with the modern temper.

Ford and His Age

AND THEN CAME FORD. By CHARLES MERZ. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $3.

MR. MERZ'S bright and entertaining, though somewhat excessively journalistic book, undertakes to deal with its subject from the proper point of view. That is, he is interested in Henry Ford as the product and the symbol of a series of striking social and economic changes, and is intent upon making Mr. Ford and the age of quantity production, of steel and petroleum, of mass-hurry and mass-comfort, explain each other. This preoccupation gives his book amplitude and significance. The huge industrial development of which Mr. Ford was one of the more spectacular leaders is so much greater than Ford the man that it would have been an error to emphasize the personal aspects of his career. Mr. Merz has given little personal history (though he has written an amusing, fair, and kindly chapter on the tragi-comic peace-ship venture); instead, he has written the life and times of Model T—particularly the times, the forces which produced it, and the broad changes it and other cheap automobiles have wrought in American life and work.

It is a story full of color and contrast—the story of Detroit growing from a town of 50,000 to a metropolis of 1,500,000 people; of a few clerks and mechanics putting their savings into Mr. Ford's company, which no bank would touch, and seeing it make them multi-millionaires; of the America that in 1895 was riding bicycles by the hundred thousand growing into an America which in 1915 was riding automobiles by the million; of a corporation owned and controlled by a single erstwhile farm boy which rose to employ 60,000 men, to turn out 10,000 cars a day, to make Fordism a name synonymous with mass-production and industrial standardization the world over. The color and drama tend at times to run away with Mr. Merz's pen. The style might well be more sober, and so at times might be the conclu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sions; for the author treats Ford as a principal agent in the advent of our salient industrial tendencies, whereas the sounder view is that Ford and his works are but one item in a great change that was plainly foreshadowed before Ford arose. The minute subdivision of industrial processes and even the moving platform itself, for example, had come into existence in the Great Chicago packing-houses in the eighties, there were dozens of exemplars of cheap large-scale production before Ford. The volume also lacks thoroughness, though in its occasional detail it is accurate and careful. There is not evident in it the patient delving into corporation history, into labor and financial records, and into the subtler social results of the automobile, which might have made it a highly valuable book. Yet in its present form it is a glittering and fascinating story, and it does something to fill a distinct gap. We need more treatments of our large-scale industries written from this point of view, though composed in a more scholarly and less journalistic spirit.

Essays at Understanding

THE CYCLE OF MODERN POETRY. A Series of Essays Toward Clearing Our Present Poetic Dilemma. By G. R. Elliott. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Harry Hayden Clark
University of Wisconsin

AMID subjective impressionism, journalistic affirmations, and raucous argument-by-epithet, it is a rare delight to encounter the challenge of Professor Elliott's poised, documented, and judicial analysis of poetic thought. His Introduction sets forth his guiding criterion: "The reader will find emerging in each chapter, under one aspect or another, the age-old idea of the vital and mysterious doubleness, so to call it, of human nature . . . the power of appetite and the power of control." To what extent have the poets of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries mirrored man's doubleness? Professor Elliott's book is an answer to this question.

Let me suggest the trend of a few of the essays. Shelley, oscillating between aspiration and humanitarianism, dwelt mainly in a dehumanized natural solitude which inspired his most beautiful and entrancing poetry. Byron's life is the history of the emergence from a false personalism to a stoical impersonality and the comic spirit. The real tragedy of Keats is his ineffectual struggle for a changeless peace amid an age enamoured of change; when he was manfully outgrowing his youthful seriousness and accepting the dualistic thought of the Renaissance and Milton, he succumbed to the monism and humanitarianism of Wordsworth: as his friend Charles Brown testified, he became "too thoughtful, or too unquiet; and he became reckless of his health." The Arnoldian lyric melancholy stems, in a humanitarian age, from the poet's "sense of the homelessness of the human spirit in its yearning that Perfection should come upon earth." I pass over the slighter essays on Longfellow and Browning. Hardy, accepting the paradisaic longing and humanitarianism of Shelley in an age of science, "pities God's incapacity for pity," and is the founder of the school of Dark Realism. A superb architect devoted to Chaos, Hardy is an inverted transcendentalist whose most masterly work is in the realm of spectral etching. Robert Frost, emerging out of humanitarianism, is the poet of true neighborliness, of universalized localism, of individualism as well as brotherhood, to whom the "eternal mystery" is "eternal appetite under eternal control." The essay on "Milton and the Present State of Poetry" traces the revolt of the "vitalistic" school from Pre-Raphaelitism and the "artistical" school from science. The difficulties are charged mainly to the acceptance of the "Wordsworthian confusion," the notion that God and man and nature are "interfused."

Professor Elliott's book is thought-provoking, and an avowed challenge to the "diurnalists"; he wishes that the "strife should be vigorous and impersonal." It is evident that this book is a contribution to the criticism of the "New Humanists"—of whom Professors Babbitt, More, and Foerster are perhaps the best known—who have been attracting much attention of late. Of course some will insist that Professor Elliott has over-stressed philosophic factors; they will ask if there may not be poetry without dualism or dualism without poetry. They will speak of the over-simplification of the problems involved, of what concerns the more purely literary canon. I suspect, however, that Professor Elliott's reply would be that since most other critics have stressed the peripheral at the expense of what he regards as central, he may be pardoned for slighting what is peripheral. And surely one can pardon much in the presence of his fine sense of form, his crisp style, his delicate, sensitive taste, his fine contemplative spirit, and his resolute, persuasive marshalling of evidence to support a most suggestive thesis.

Plattsburg in Short Pants

SHAM-BATTLE. By Lieutenant Harry G. Dowdall and Joseph H. Gleason. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929.

Reviewed by Frank H. Simonds

IT is now fully forty years since Abbott Webber used to bring his tin soldiers to my house on the dull Saturday afternoons, when rain or snow kept us indoors. Yet even this appalling lapse of time has not availed to efface accurate recollection of the simple but satisfying circumstances of those ancient campaigns. The doors of the flour closet laid over chairs, their cross-pieces supplying trenches, their inevitable slope, the necessary hillside, fullfilled all demands for Bunker Hill or Cemetery Ridge. The closet, itself, rising sheer from the floor reproduced the upthrust to the Heights of Abraham, whereon the Swiss Village of Christmas commerce was Quebec. For the rest, the broad expanse of the kitchen table lent itself satisfactorily to all the battles fought upon plains, where infantry could fall into squares and cavalry charge at full gallop.

As a veteran of these innumerable and immortal campaigns, I suffered a severe and still remembered shock, when in later academic days I read of the tin-soldier *Kriegspiels* of Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne. In these elaborate games, ammunition, supplies, all the impediments of real war were introduced, time set limits to marching capacity, rules regulated all movement. Here was something different from our campaigns in which, despite Napoleon's dictum, armies moved on their legs not their stomachs, and time was invoked not by the principals but by parents, unkindly demanding the kitchen table for more prosaic purposes.

Stevenson's game, so I concluded instantly, was not the game I played with tin soldiers and against Abbott Webber, the game we both called war; on the contrary it was the game which I played with Willy Wilkins and which we named "store." It was not romance but business; the stake was not immortal glory but inconsiderable material profits. And Willy and I were not Frederick or Marlborough dominating the stricken field, but Elmer Blake or C. C. Spaulding, the rival grocers of Bedford, Massachusetts.

And I confess to a revival of the old sense of disappointment when I first turned the pages of "Sham-Battle," the new volume which Lieutenant Harry G. Dowall and Mr. Joseph H. Gleason have written to instruct a new generation in the art of playing at tin-soldiers. "If you like to play with tin-soldiers, the book will prove a great help, as it tells how to manœuvre the soldiers according to the latest rules of military tactics," so runs the foreword, "and victory is the reward of the boy who shows the better generalship."

It would be ungenerous and unjust, at the outset, not to pay tribute to the industry and meticulous exactitude which the book discloses and, in addition, the ingenuity in detail, which deserves praise. By the aid of the volume, by painstaking and faithful performance according to the rules of the game, any boy could hope to go presently to Plattsburg tolerably prepared to take the course. In fact, the volume itself might well be described as Plattsburg in short pants.

And yet, as one of the few survivors of the tin-soldier campaigns of the first administration of Grover Cleveland, campaigns almost as forgotten as those of the Crimean and Spanish Wars, indeed, as one who charged the flour barrel ramparts with Ney and Pickett and over the table with Sheridan and Murat, I confess this imagined conflict between the embattled forces of Redina and Bluvia leaves me cold.

It is all there, in little, what Moltke did to Napoleon's war and the later great and general staffs of various nations to all war. There are rules as rigid as those of "contract"; there are regulations and restrictions as many and as meticulous as those of the parade ground itself. There is a technical vocabulary as enchanting as that which has endeared to countless generations Cæsar's account of bridging the Rhine. Blueberg and Redton front each other with all the proud defiance of Metz and Verdun, between 1871 and 1918.

But what is lacking for me, as I strive to recall the thrills of forty years ago, is the sense of reality. Abbott and I *lived* the old battles, we were Napoleon and Wellington, Grant and Lee; not infrequently our dim recollections of history assimilated in grammar school yielded to the zeal of combat and the defeated of Waterloo and Gettysburg were the victors of the flour-barrel. We did not play the game of tin soldiers, we acted the great dramas of the past.

Can you capture the imagination of a new generation by the abstraction of a supposititious war between a theoretical Bluvia and an imaginary Redina, as that of my youth was thrilled by its own recreation of all the great and famous battles recounted by Cæsar, Xenophon, and J. S. Abbott? Can you reduce everything to the perspective of a lieutenant and the routine of a squad? For us, our own game was a prelude to immortal glory; will the children of this age be content with a preliminary to Plattsburg? We consciously hitched our wagons to a star; will our sons be satisfied to learn to crank a Ford?

One other thing I must say of this "Sham-Battle," I should be sorry if my boy played at it. For myself I would just as lightheartedly give him a rattlesnake or a Mill's Bomb, if I believed he would use this book as the authors wish. Probably age makes pacifists of us all; certainly it doesn't take much real war of the modern sort to strip conflict of the last of its actual or imagined charm. At all events, I cannot repress a sense of regret and even a measure of indignation, that, in the light of the years we have just lived through, anyone should now attempt to create in the minds of boys the monstrous notion that war is a normal detail, to accustom their minds to the detail of massacre, to render familiar, under the disguise of a game, the impersonal and calculated massacre of contemporary battle.

As one who, even before the World War, held in detestation all the technique of the traditional Prussian drill-sergeant, become the system of all sergeants, I admit to a sense of anger in seeing this attempt to cultivate cannon fodder by indirection, to teach killing in the kindergarten, to make international murder popular among minors. But honestly I don't believe the thing can be done. The best—like the worst—of the last war, was the fact that out of it was left everything that supplied Abbott Webber and me with the inspiration and the model of our kitchen campaigns. "*Malbrouck s'-en-va-t-en guerre*" no more. And no general staff in the history of war ever caught Napoleon's trick—or ever will. Ludendorff and Lieutenant Dowdall have proved it equally well.

Scholarship and Popularity

(*Continued from page* 49)

for it to discard the graces of style in the belief that animation deprives learning of dignity. That would indeed be to leave the dissemination of knowledge to those who had manner rather than matter. But we are attacking a man of straw. No one really believes that scholarship properly garbed cannot be fascinating. To adapt Dr. Johnson, knowledge that lives to serve like us "that live to please, must please to live."

The Saturday Review of Literature

Henry Seidel Canby.....*Editor*
Amy Loveman.....*Managing Editor*
William Rose Benét.....*Contributing Editor*
Christopher Morley.....*Contributing Editor*
Noble A. Cathcart.....*Publisher*

Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid; in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 6. No. 4.
Copyright, 1929, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bearm and Brabble

HOMEPLACE. By MARISTAN CHAPMAN. New York: The Viking Press. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

MRS. CHAPMAN, it appears to this reviewer, sees her Southern mountaineers through a romantic haze, and this in spite of the fact that she insists she is presenting them as they really are. There is much less inclination to quarrel with her further statement of her aims when she writes that her object is to show her people "to be live and knowing individuals." If there is any objection to the men and women who filled the pages of "The Happy Mountain" and who now fill the equally interesting pages of "Homeplace" it is that they are almost too good to be true, that their flavorsome speech, rich in the rhythms of the Bible in the King James version, and in words and images from the old ballads, is too charming to be wholly credible.

Having raised these slight objections, and with the knowledge that they will trouble most readers not at all, I must now say that "Homeplace" seems to be a worthy successor to "The Happy Mountain," which rejoiced in a selection by a book club, and which found favor in the eyes of many critics. "Homeplace" suffers, perhaps, from a well-worn plot in which events are too patently manipulated to bring happiness to the characters, and ends on a note distinctly sentimental. On the other hand, it is rich in kindly humor and wisdom, its people do touch the heart of the reader, and the genial sympathy of the author with them makes it very difficult to be at all distressed by what appear to be faults in her workmanship.

As for Mrs. Chapman's use of the mountain vocabulary to give character to her prose, it would be hard to say too much. Page after page may be read for the sheer pleasure that is to be had from the contact with unfamiliar words, all crisp and sharp at the edges; they crop up in the narrative at just the right point, and the sentences take sudden and unexpected turns that are endlessly agreeable. The mother-wit of the mountaineers, their odd ways of putting into words the problems that are common to all of life, their distinctly poetical manner of expressing many of their emotions, and the glitter that remains upon spoken Elizabethan English—like newly-minted coins, for all its age—are sufficient, and more, to make up for any defects the book may have.

"Homeplace" has the same setting as its predecessor, Glen Hazard, and it also contains many of the characters from the earlier book, including Wait-Still-on-The-Lord Lowe, whose adventures in escaping from his mountain home into the great world made up the story of "The Happy Mountain." The new book is the story of Fayre Jones's attempt to lay his hands on a "homeplace" for Bess Howard, whom he wishes to make his "wife-woman." Fayre is a good, but somewhat muddled-headed, young fellow, suspected of being a "flinch," which is mountain-talk for coward. Desperately in love with Bess, who is somewhat inclined to be a "trivvet"—a flyabout—although, she, too, has a heart of gold, he finds it no simple matter to lay his hands upon sufficient money to buy his cabin and a plot of ground.

A new road is being cut through the mountain settlement, to which the natives object, in particular the local moonshine-king, who tricks Fayre into agreeing to blow up the road, thereby checking work during the winter, and then sends a henchman to do the dirty work, supposing that the blame will fall upon Fayre. Finding his way out of this difficulty, Fayre "heirs" enough money to buy the homeplace he wants, but fails to inquire about such practical matters as mortgages, and is no more than settled with his bride than the moonshiner turns up with a mortgage. A newly-found kinsman of Fayre's intervenes just in time with a bill for storage-goods against the moonshiner, and takes the mortgage in payment, leaving the villain gnashing what teeth he has left, and the curtain falls upon Fayre and Bess safely established in their homeplace, with nothing to do but pay off the mortgage.

It is in the unavoidable charm of all the characters concerned, excepting, of course, Micajah, the moonshiner, that Mrs. Chapman scores so surely, for if she appears to make her mountaineers somewhat over-poetical, she gives them reality within the world of her imagination, just as she makes their speech seem authentic, because it, too, belongs to a world she has created out of her knowledge and love of mountain-folk. Fayre, with all his difficulties in dealing with stern actualities, is an appealing figure; and such relatively minor characters as the invalid father of Bess, Homer; the brave old mother of Wait-Still, Brasha; the drunken old gossip, Uncle Shannon; and the Preacher, Virgil Howard, are every one done with admirable skill.

To come back to the mountain vocabulary, who could resist such words as "brabble" and "sprattle" for confusion; "bearm" for stir or excitement, "brogue" for walk; "cumfluttered" for all put out by excitement; "hirple" for hasten awkwardly; "onding," for a downpour of rain, and "wistly" for alert? Then there is "slackentwist" for trifler; "smidgen" for a little bit of anything, and "upscuddle" for a bitter quarrel. Mrs. Chapman has not overdone the use of these words, and they are not at all troublesome for the reader, as they define themselves in most instances; for any one who has difficulty with them there is a glossary. Many of the words were in common use in the South a generation ago, including "survigrous," which Mrs. Chapman defines as meaning great or excessive, but which also once had the meaning of fiery-tempered.

What matters most about such books as "Homeplace"—perhaps it is what matters most about most books—is the amount of pleasure to be derived from their perusal, regardless of technical matters. "Homeplace" is a genuinely entertaining book. It will not disappoint, as I tried to indicate earlier, the many readers who enjoyed "The Happy Mountain," and it makes one hope that Mrs. Chapman will keep on with her mountain stories, characters, setting, and all.

Typical Wren

SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE. By PERCIVAL CHRISTOPHER WREN. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

PERCIVAL CHRISTOPHER WREN is a natural though not a versatile story-teller, and he is a canny gentleman. No one needs to be reminded of the success that followed the appearance of "Beau Geste," his first widely known novel, nor of the far-spread acceptance of the later stories that carried on the Geste family history. The movies helped much, for the picturization of "Beau Geste" brought the legend of that "stout lad" into the most non-bookish circles. And after two other novels and a final book of short stories finished off the Gestes in no uncertain terms, many of us wondered what Mr. Wren would do next. Could he, we asked ourselves, apply his gifts to different kinds of stories? Or would he find himself written out, the Gestes having passed beyond his reach? The answer is found in "Soldiers of Misfortune." Here he is his old vivid, boisterous self again, energy not in the slightest abated, writing page after page that for pure entertainment value is in no way to be deprecated. A new group of characters has taken the place of the Gestes, but it is sufficiently like the Gestes to alienate no old friends. In Sir Otho Belleme we have a blood cousin of Beau Geste: both are quixotic, sentimental, too good for this world, and yet all that we romantically wish in our hearts a man might be. The tone and mannerisms of this new book are precisely those of the earlier novels. Mr. Wren proves that he can tell captivating stories of a very definite and almost unique type and, moreover, that he knows when the time has come to call the old characters by new names. It is a wise author that knows the extent of his own gifts.

The prize ring is important in "Soldiers of Misfortune." Otho is a remarkable boxer, and his fights fill many pages of the book. Professional fighters are often subordinate characters, and events in the ring are often turning points in the plot. Any one with a love (either vicarious or personal) of boxing will be immensely pleased by the many gory pugilistic details. The rest of the novel is perhaps less interesting. We see the decay of Otho's worldly position, brought about by a misunderstanding in a matter of love. At the end, Otho and two fighter-friends are in service with the Foreign Legion. The close of the last chapter leaves Mr. Wren in a position to follow this novel with others that may in time form a series to rival the Geste novels in number as well as in interest. Indeed, "Soldiers of Misfortune" is only a beginning, and if the deserts of North Africa are seen for but a short time in this particular novel they bid fair to take the dominating place in the other novels concerning Otho Belleme, Sailor Harris, and Joe Mummery that are certain to arrive in due time.

In conclusion, a word should perhaps be said about the literary qualities of Mr. Wren's stories. Beyond any doubt, as samples of the art of fiction, they are second—or even third rate. Mr. Wren articulates his narratives abominably, jumping back and forth, this side and that, to our confusion and to no evident purpose. He has invention only within certain narrow boundaries, and the world that is generally known to ordinary people is to him an undiscovered country. Melodrama and sentimentality are for him tragedy and the genuine play of emotions. But in spite of these difficulties, and in spite of a complete lack of subtlety and shading, these novels are undeniably fascinating. Vigor dominates them; vitality and good humor flow forth continuously. By some strange critical chemistry they force us to forget our customary standards of judgment and revel in the antics of Beau or Otho, or whoever the young knight of the moment happens to be. Minor characters are often as convincingly grotesque as those of Dickens, and as a whole, the novels simply will not be denied. "Soldiers of Misfortune" is thoroughly good, typical Wren. Surely, it will be widely enjoyed.

A Book of Vignettes

NIGHT CLUB. By KATHERINE BRUSH. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

THE most attractive quality in these eleven short stories by Miss Brush is their freedom from unnecessary detail. They are distinctively magazine stories, even the one entitled "The Mother Has the Custody—," which was rejected with reluctance by seven editors who feared to introduce the subject of abortion to their tyrannical readers. They suffer, therefore, from the triteness and conformity to pattern of the typical American magazine story. On the other hand, they are very good magazine stories. They are written with an ease, a spontaneity, and a lightness of touch which bears witness to an admirable talent.

Of the batch, that which gives the title to the volume is by no means the best, although it is the most popular in theme. "Night Club" is simply an evening in the life of the maid in the ladies room at a popular night club. Bits of comedy, tragedy, and drama flow in and out of her room, while she, oblivious to the life around her, seeks entertai in reading a magazine devoted to "true st The whole is delicately handled and the desired effect is attained, but it is simply an idea, and not a particularly profound or significant one either, whipped up into a fictional soufflé.

"The Mother Has the Custody" and "Débutante" are infinitely superior, both in motivation and atmosphere. The former is a revelation of the delicacy of the touch which can treat a repellant subject without offense, while the latter is an admirable portrayal of the invisible barriers of social consciousness. "Take Long Young Dreams"—a story of a best man who fell in love with the bride and she with him—is also to be commended for the confidence it shows in the reader's ability to grasp a rather subtle line of conduct.

Of the others, "Fumble" is the story of a football player who allowed his life to be blighted by the fact that he had fumbled the ball that threw away the great game—until the Right Girl came along. "Gaudy Lady" tells how a woman made her son a gentleman while she plied the oldest profession and the newest, if "bootlegging" may be considered new. "Eye-Opener" and "Silk Hat" are simple vignettes of city life of the rackety sort. "All the King's Horses" tells how a Hollywood waitress Gave Her All to a movie actor, "Portrait of a Maiden Aunt" is a shrewd bit of characterization but not much else, while "Seven Blocks Apart" is a tale of love thwarted by poverty in New York, a tale of the sort that Viña Delmar does rather better than Miss Brush.

Miss Brush's artistry lies in the elimination of the underbrush which entangles lesser writers rather than in the vigorous brushwork which—to mix metaphors—betrays the artist. There is more pruning in her style than there are prisms. Her success is one of significant omissions rather than of positive creation. She writes with ease, reticence, and charm, but this book should be regarded rather as an effort to recapitalize in the field of literature a success scored in the field of magazine writing. It is not entirely worthy of the talent which has produced such novels as "Glitter" and "Little Sins." Probably Miss Brush feels that way about this book herself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Capri Sketches

THAT CAPRI AIR. By EDWIN CERIO. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD CURLE

IN his attractive and witty introduction to this collections of stories—"stories" is not the right word, but it is difficult to hit upon the correct one—Mr. Brett Young, discussing Signore Cerio's style, says that it has "humor without facetiousness, originality without strain, irony without bitterness." These, of course, are generalities, though pleasing to anticipate, but when he goes on to remark that the book "isolates, for the first time in literature, that fifth element which distinguishes the air of Capri from all other airs," our curiosity is really aroused.

And the book, vaguely aloof though it be and requiring, as it were, a secret key, goes far to justify our hopes. At once mocking and learned, it is shot through and through with an imponderable lightness and inconsequence which suggests the atmosphere—in both senses of the word—of the island itself. The title, from the Italian "Aeia di Capri," is indeed felicitous.

Mr. Norman Douglas has translated one of the fifteen sketches, and it is almost inevitable that comparisons should be drawn between the author of "South Wind" and the author of "That Capri Air." Certainly they have much in common—to those who have read Mr. Douglas's Capri pamphlets the bond will appear even stronger—but the angle of their approach is subtly different. Capri has inspired two writers of distinct and remarkable talents.

What of the substance of this book, its quaint characters, half human and half faun, its impalpable point of view? Well, it does not seem possible to analyze. Some readers will probably be intensely irritated by "That Capri Air." Others will as surely be delighted. Others, again, will think they ought to be delighted and will be actually mystified. And all the time one can imagine Signore Cerio smiling with a bland expression: explanations, one feels, are not in his line.

The Hand

KATHARINE D. LITTLE

TWO candles threw their dancing light ahead
Into the blackness of the small stairs' turn
That led up to our seaward balcony.

How little and how lost the flicker fell
On crowding pines, jostling the tiny house
Precariously perched, on sufferance
In truth, allowed by granite and by Larch,
By alder tangles, by bayberry leaves
So proud with sunshine that they gave it back
In aromatic largesse—all allowed
A narrow foothold only. Forest gods,
The silent brown young Northern gods, to us
Had given right of way across their moss
By cold consent.

Gods? What were to you
The gods of all the corners of the winds?
You lay with one bronze hand beneath a cheek;
The other, carmine with blueberry stain,
Was hanging limp and lovely as some late
Last petal that can not make up its mind
To loose its hold on Indian-summer rose.

Beneath the bed, close to the uncurled hand
So loth to lose them till the morning light,
The ringed stone, the forlorn star-fish lay,
The ancient spools that built your palaces,
And by the battered blue of slippers spread
The scattered scarlet of bunchberries held
For hours in hot-fisted carefulness.

A gust blew out the only candle left.
The pines crept nearer, and the brown young gods
Crouched chuckling in the treacherous caves that ringed
The ruins of the ancient silvermine.
The shiver passed; the whisper lisped away
Defeated by the untumultuous sound
Of water washing thro the hollow cliffs
Below the pines—defeated, dark young gods,
Defeated—who knows?—by the flower-hand
Uncurled above its treasures on the floor.

The Bowling Green

No Turn on Red

THE extraordinary summer of 1929. Who would set down the history of those two imperial months July and August? Was it only the egotism of men, who prefer to believe that Their Own Time is Big Stuff? Or was there not some curious gallantry in the golden air? Day after day the unblemished sun, until lawns were yellow and leaves fell singed as in October; night after night the stars and crickets. Was there not, in that sunburned summer, something of the old Roman bravado? Great ships ablaze with lights and wassail ran white stripes of trigonometry across the empty dark; glasses of whiskey and soda tingled with turbine vibration and the smokeroom groups sat about until the little sandwiches began to curl up at the edges. Even as I write another vessel, more uncanny than the rest, slips like a bubble through the hollows of the wind. Most divinely reckless of all men's miracles she tilts her huge frailty against the fluid channels of the air; she has red wall-paper in her saloon and special racks for the wine goblets. As Nero undoubtedly said, if you fiddle well enough it will put out the fire.

* * *

The amazing summer of 1929. People Went Places and Did Things (a harmless phrase of the moment). Days were so brilliant, dry, and clear, that the mint by the kitchen steps smelt like real julep; dogs were hosed twice a day to keep them sane; grass dried into a sort of pale excelsior; moles abandoned their varicose rugations on the kiln-baked lawn; the suburban gardener, studying his turf more closely than ever before, found a white quartz Indian arrow-head—still razor sharp—right in front of his peaceable shack. Was it the enormous candor of that summer's feminine modes that kept Apollo's gaze so persistent upon humanity? I am the last to blame him. Along all sandy fringes of the eastern seaboard glowed the unending afternoons of stupefying brilliance, gilding fine bronze bodies bare to the stinging dazzle. Donny, the Emeritus Sheepdog, was shaven to the hide to relieve him of his mothy overcoat in which he lived like a Shakespearean actor of the Charles M. Barras era. He was more embarrased by his nakedness than a Sunday School teacher; as for the underwear advertisements he wouldn't even read them.

* * *

Filling stations, the wayside temples of American life, looked more and more like Shinto shrines or like little Greek arcades. There, making obeisance to their idols and totems, the American folk paid their offerings to the god they understood. They stepped on it: they drove headlong against locomotives at grade crossings; intersections guarded by traffic lights became the most dangerous of all because everyone tried to get across before the green turned red. At street corners sounded the moaning croon of the radio, the Koran of the community, the muezzin of the multitude, trying to keep up with the gait of affairs. The radio began putting children to bed with fables at 6 p. m. Vain hope! The proletarian urchin goes to bed at eleven. Everyone agreed that No Turn on Red was a sound idea, but not to be taken too literally.

* * *

Those who were wise rejoiced in all this fecund folly and found it good. America's subtlest artists, the newspaper cartoonists, turned the endearing foibles of their fellows to excellent account. America's most effective poets, the architects and builders, continued to do the incredible. Mr. Coolidge asserted that Life Insurance was an excellent idea. The simple-minded persisted in believing that irony means bad temper. Vitamins seemed to be losing ground; no one had ever been quite sure about them anyway. All the ginger ales became as pale and dry as possible; the real problem was, what to do with the empty bottles. And hailstones as big as hen's eggs fell on Hartford, Connecticut; on just and unjust both.

* * *

In the long succession of amazements we call living, it was uncertain which were the greater miracles. Something bumped onto a page of writing; the scrivener, without averting his eyes from the pen, tossed it into the waste basket. Then he looked and saw it was a firefly—pulsating, in the shadow of the table, with indignant glow. A dead moth on the porch lay there foundered like a little brown-sailed sloop; his great eyes were dull, his tongue curled like a watch-spring. Aphids continued to believe that rose-bushes should be made safe for lice; the Japanese beetle was officially excommunicated by the Department of Agriculture but made marvellous needle-point lace out of linden leaves. Some humble assessors of valuation believed themselves to discern a certain sense of Reality in visits to the midnight ice-box. There is (they asserted) an undeniability about the moon-map of a slab of Swiss cheese, or the smell of bread, or the sharpness of currant jam. Gooseberry jam, however, the best of all such, remained difficult to procure and quite unknown to the branches of the A. & P. This was as it should be; few bookstores keep "Marius the Epicurean" in stock. Things that are of high merit should always be crooked in access.

* * *

But which indeed *is* the greater miracle—the Zeppelin slipping between star and star, or the fact that for a few cents you can buy an English translation of The Koran and have laid before you for lamplit study the naive and noble dogmatisms of the Moslem prophet? What man in his decent senses does not respond to such promises as Mohammed makes to his hundred million faithful? Is it not excellent to know that to Islam all blue-eyed people are considered sinners and destined "to broil on the great fire?" But if you are a good Moslem, "in gardens and springs you shall be clad in satin, and wed to bright and large-eyed maids." "And were the trees that are in the earth pens, and the sea ink with seven more seas to swell its tide, the words of Allah would not be spent; verily, Allah is mighty."

* * *

How long then is an August afternoon? Rash indeed the experimenter who will endure the vacancy of thinking. Has not every theologian anxiously remarked the peril of idleness? Virtue abhors a vacuum, for in a devoted hour of thinking the whole savory earth may wabble in her bearings. You feel the dreadful texture of Time, the warm sweet air is subtle in the tree-tops, the horror of the Day is on you. They speak of 2 o'clock in the morning courage; but 3 o'clock in the afternoon requires greater daring. The world will come to an end (if ever) at about 3.15 some August afternoon when reality is at last too vital and all men and women cry together, This cannot be. Then, overtrained by these billion years of apprehension, we shall surrender our civilization to less anxious creatures—the noisy and naive dogs, the military and conniving rats, the prolific and gossipping chickens. Or I myself would bequeath it to the spiders, who would carry on the pretty puzzles of geometry and spread their gauze mouchoirs on every prickly hedge. On every side we hear brute creation uttering its applause, and—like foreigners in a theatre—we wonder what they're laughing at. So how shall men avert themselves from the dangers of thought, against which Allah (the merciful, the compassionate) and all his prophets honorably tried to warn them? How may he glut himself with trifles and never watch too closely the wheel that spins and spins? In the flicker of rotation emerges the phantom of stillness or the delusive image of a backward turn.

Magnificent summer of 1929! It was the Age of Consent, when men agreed to anything. Everywhere the beacons were eloquent, No Turn on Red; and everywhere men hoped to disregard them. In July and August we were true to our calendar; we were emperors of Rome.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"The recent death of Edward Carpenter recalls to a correspondent," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "the days when he and William Morris used to deliver lectures of a highly idealist strain in the New Islington Hall and the heckling they got from 'hard-headed' men of business. It was amusing to see how differently they took the heckling. With Morris it was like a bull-baiting. He paced about, hot, gesticulating nearly incoherent because he could not get his tormentors to see things as he saw them. Carpenter was perfectly calm. It was the hecklers who got excited while he said with quiet assurance things which seemed to them outrageous.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

The Russian of 1950

CIVIC TRAINING IN SOVIET RUSSIA. By SAMUEL NORTHRUP HARPER. Chicago, University of Chicago Press. 1929.

Reviewed by WILLIAM C. HUNTINGTON

Formerly Commercial Attaché of the American Embassy, Petrograd

THE keynote activity of the Soviet Government to-day is the making of a new generation in its own image. To it civic training is the most serious business of life, transcending famine relief, power-plants, and factories. It were better to make a good Communist and trust to luck to get a good producer than to train a good producer and have faith that he might become a Communist. This is the inescapable conclusion after reading Samuel N. Harper's noteworthy study.

The leaders of Russia are fundamentalists. None of the easy-going Liberalism or the tenuous Modernism of the Western Socialists for them. Theirs is the faith once delivered to Karl Marx, as interpreted by his greatest prophet Lenin. Lenin is dead: revelation has ceased and realization has begun.

The goal is the Promised Land of the Kingdom of Communism on earth. There shall government, no longer needed, waste away and the truly coöperative life come to pass. But it is still afar off and the eyes of the present generation shall not behold it. They must live in faith. Indeed, they are only "on the road to Socialism," a phase which must precede full Communism. At present they are living in the Soviet régime, wherein, under the "NEP" or New Economic Policy, a certain amount of private enterprise is permitted to exist alongside the socialist establishments of the state, to be used and tolerated for a while, but always regarded "with healthy Communist suspicion."

The Soviet state is revealed as working day and night to bring about the new order and "to retrain a whole people along new lines" as fast as possible. Everybody is going to the school of Revolutionary Politics all the time and everywhere. There is a ceaseless barrage of agitation and propaganda. Compulsion is resorted to when other stimulants fail. The State makes deliberate, carefully planned use of government departments, factories, coöperatives, the army and navy, schools, universities, orphans' homes, clubs, and women's organizations to indoctrinate the people. The primary aims of these institutions are frankly subordinated to the dominating purpose, when it is considered expedient.

Throughout the seventeen close-packed chapters of Professor Harper's book we trace the remorseless Revolutionary logic as it shapes every institution and touches all sides of the citizen's life. At the very outset we are shown the Soviet concept of citizenship—in itself a standing reminder of class warfare with the devil, capital. Rich peasants, traders, and clergymen have no vote because they are perforce capitalistically minded. Nor are the voters all equal in power and privilege. Industrial workmen rank highest since they are proletarians *par excellence;* after them come the peasants, still an inert mass with whom individualism dies hard; and lastly the professional and office workers, many of whom bear the taint of bourgeois origin.

Standing forth from the mass of citizenry is the Communist Party—less a party than a caste of "super-citizens," the substance to leaven the lump. Schooled and disciplined, militantly atheistic, its members are everywhere serving as "elder bothers," committee members, organizers, lecturers, teachers, and occupying the key positions in Government, Trade Unions, and Coöperatives. Under their wing is the Komsomol, or Union of Communist Youth (ages 14 to 23), where future Communists are being trained, while getting ready to become future members of the Komsomol are the Pioneers (age ten to sixteen), analogous to our boy and girl scouts. Under their protection are the "Little Octobrists" (age eight to ten years), so early does the organization of the Communist children begin.

Professor Harper ably analyzes the Soviet press. All newspapers are either official or Communist Party organs, and it is in accord with Communist principles that every paper is a propaganda sheet first and a journal of information afterwards. The semi-official Trade Unions with a membership of 10,000,000 are honeycombed with clubs and classes in which there is a steady grind of political education. Then there is the great body of Coöperatives with more than 25,000,000 shareholders and touching half the peasant households. One of Lenin's last slogans was "Soviets Coöperatives-Communism." Coöperation is the standing challenge to private trade and breeds collectivist habits. As for the school system, the author says cogently that the Soviet educational institutions are given the very specific task of training citizens for the new type of state—and for the continuation of Communist leadership in that state.

But the catalogue of propaganda agencies does not end here. There is the chain of museums. Among these are the Czar's palaces and noblemen's country houses arranged to show the luxury and bad taste of the former "exploiters," and the Revolutionary exhibits designed to keep alive the spirit of class-warfare. The radio, music, literature, and the theater are pressed into service, and art is not for art's sake, but for the Revolution's sake.

What will be the result of all this gigantic scheme of indoctrination? What manner of men and women will be the Russians of 1950 and after? Professor Harper wisely answers that we shall only know when we come to deal with them.

Only a handful of men in America could have written this book. In the restraint of the presentation and the keen but objective analysis, one senses the competence which comes of twenty years of background in Russia. The author has very evidently been a wide and continuous reader of the Soviet press and is thoroughly acquainted with Soviet propaganda literature and text-books which are closed to most people. The book is not an *œuvre de vulgarisation,* but a report written by a university scholar for his papers. It has no allurements to attract the reader other than excellent typography, faultless proofreading, a good index, and an unusual bibliography. There are, fortunately, no illustrations, no charts, and no diagrams. In some places, in spite of the clear and forthright style, the reading is heavy going on account of the very intricacy and interlocking of the vast network of organization the author describes. The reader will do well not to skip this discipline if he wishes truly to gain not just an understanding, but a realization of the vastness and the pervasiveness of the Soviet effort.

History or Fiction?

THE WOMAN WHO COMMANDED 500,000,000 MEN. By CHARLES PETTIT. Translated from the French by UNA, LADY TROUBRIDGE. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. $2.50.

ROBBERS AND SOLDIERS. By ALBERT EHRENSTEIN. Translated from the German by GEOFFREY DUNLOP. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

THE student of Things Chinese faced with these two books for review is in the proverbial quandary. Are they or are they not to be measured with the rule which would be applied to similar books on Western themes? Is "The Woman Who Commanded 500,000,000 Men" to be regarded as an historical novel, a true portrait of Ye Ho Na La known as Tz'u Hs'i, the Late Empress Dowager of China; or is it a work of fiction pure and simple and are historical inaccuracies and anachronisms to be ignored for the sake of their dramatic quality? Carl Sandburg writes "The Prairie Years" and nine Americans out of ten recognize a true portrait of Lincoln; Amy Lowell writes "Guns As Keys" and a Japanese asks how long she—who has never been there—has lived in Japan. In both cases a tireless study of documentary evidence has brought about the amazing result. This method has not been pursued by Una, Lady Troubridge (presumably it is she who is responsible for the book itself, although the legend on the title page is ambiguous), and the result is that historical facts are garbled and anachronisms sprinkle every page. This is the more to be regretted as documents in connection with the subject are plentiful. "China Under the Empress Dowager," by J. O. P. Bland; "Two Years in the Forbidden City" and "Old Buddha," by Princess Der Ling, at one time lady-in-waiting to Tz'u Hs'i, give a remarkably vivid portrait of the imperious lady in question, while "La Vie Secrète de la Cour de Chine," by Albert Maybon, provides us with intimate though hypothetical details in regard to procedure in the inner apartments of the Forbidden City, details far more picturesque than any recounted by Una, Lady Troubridge.

Nor has any trouble been taken to verify general facts in regard to Chinese matters. For instance, we read that Ye-Ho-Na-La has given birth to a son, but that the Empress Consort

> was also shortly to be confined, . . . and that should she also produce a son, Ye-Ho-No-La's offspring would at once cease to be heir presumptive. When she learned that her rival was actually in labor, she could no longer endure her inactivity . . . and fell to supplicating heaven for a favorable issue: Let the Empress Consort be delivered of a dead child rather than of a son! . . . and passionately Ye-Ho-No-La folded to her breast her own son—that son who was to be an Emperor or a nameless bastard.

Such a statement is purely ridiculous. No child born to the wife or concubine of a Chinese, be he of the Imperial Clan or a member of the "one hundred surnames," is illegitimate; furthermore, primogeniture has never existed in China, the succession being always determined by imperial choice. The son of a concubine is regarded as son of the wife for whom he mourns twenty-seven months, whereas for his own mother he mourns but twelve. Equally absurd is the reference to "the cohort of eunuchs who with bared swords kept watch before the door." From my own observation, and from the evidence of numerous photographs, I can vouch for the fact that "the cohort" of eunuchs, which invaded the Imperial Palace at Peking, was unarmed.

The translator has made no attempt to verify the spelling of Chinese names (Ye-Ho-No-La should be Ye Ho Na La), nor has he altered to an English system the French transliteration used in the original. How is the lay reader to guess, for instance, that Cheng-Kouo-Fang of Mr. Pettit's book and Tsêng Kuo-fan, the hero of the T'ai P'ing rebellion, whose fine "Life" by Professor Hail is published by the Yale University Press, are one and the same?

This question of transliteration is all important and until publishers require that their authors use some standardized system the spread of an intelligent knowledge regarding Chinese history and literature is impossible.

In "Robbers and Soldiers," too, the spelling is chaotic, but an attempt has been made to substitute English for German transliteration. Once again the reviewer is puzzled. Is "Robbers and Soldiers" to be treated as a serious rendering of a Chinese work or is it merely a fantasy on a Chinese theme? The author states his purpose as follows:

> I am indebted to To Ko An, a Chinese writer learned in the idioms of the West, for the literal translation of an all too voluminous original, extending into nearly a hundred and forty episodes, out of which I have endeavored to shape the unity of a work of art, readable I hope by Europeans, while preserving intact all that, in its descriptions of folk-lore and manners, may be most characteristically and significantly Chinese. Has my work of art come into being? Has a primitive epic taken shape out of whatever of archæological and cultural interest this picaresque "thriller" may possess? . . . I have tried, by a radical simplification of events, and by concentrating the deeds of many in one heroic protagonist, to give my work a unity which the original still lacks.

This picaresque thriller is the "Shui Hu Ch'uan, Record of Waters and Sloping River Banks," one of the best loved stories of a story-loving people. A scholar of the Manchu dynasty has included it among the "four great and rare writings." Immensely detailed, its seventy chapters afford an extraordinary insight into Chinese life.

In the synthetic version before us it is very difficult to tell how much of the original has been preserved. Certain Chinese phrases have been used with great effect, and the style in which the exciting adventures are told, though uneven, has a decided flavor, while the philosophical background is essentially Chinese. Here again, however, we meet curious inaccuracy in regard to the physical background. For instance, we read that his sister-in-law, who is trying to fascinate the hero, Wu Sung, went to his room "and piled up the fire to a blaze." This is impossible to accomplish in a Chinese house, where such a thing as a fireplace is unknown. The picture suggested, therefore, is entirely out of key. Whether or not the English translator has been wise to use Anglo-Saxon colloquialisms as "right you are," "you needn't bluff," etc., is a matter of taste. They do not add to the indigenous flavor.

Regarded as a fantasy on a Chinese theme, "Robbers and Soldiers" has decided charm and much to recommend it, and is, moreover, a good substitute for a translation of the "Shui Hu Ch'uan" which, in its entirety, could scarcely hold the attention of Western readers.

The New Ireland

THE IRISH FREE STATE, 1922-1927. By DENIS GWYNN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $4.50.

Reviewed by FRANK MONAGHAN

"AND how does she stand?" is an anxious query in that celebrated and once-seditious ballad, "The Wearing of the Green." This volume is a brilliant description of how things stand with the Irish Free State to-day. In January of 1922 the Treaty was ratified, the British army withdrew, and the Irish, popularly said to govern every country but their own, were given control of the twenty-six counties that make up the Free State. The entry in 1927 of the Republican deputies into the Dail may be considered to mark the end of the first stage in the development of the Free State. For the first time in Irish history there is an abundance of materials which has made this survey possible.

In an early chapter on population and resources Mr. Gwynn provides the background essential to the understanding of present economic problems. By this exclusion of the six counties of Ulster with their industrial and Protestant population the Free State has been made more homogeneous, though it has lost the most highly industrialized area and more than one-third the population of Ireland. The partition of Ireland has been highly disadvantageous to both North and South. Because Belfast is an industrial and distributing center, Ulster has been seriously embarrassed by the tariff barriers put up by the Free State. When Ulster once realizes the trade concessions and the fiscal advantages to be derived from union with the Free State, and the Free State itself demonstrates its ability to maintain order, to assist in the orderly economic development of the country, and to protect religious and political minorities, it is not unreasonable to believe that North and South will unite on a basis of mutual respect and mutual concessions.

The industrialization of Ireland has been retarded by the absence both of raw materials and of industrial power. It is a tribute to the courage and the imagination of the leaders of the new government in Ireland that they have attempted the colossal task of harnessing the water power of the Shannon. When completed, it will provide the power for an almost unlimited industrial de ment and for the electrification of th ways. The prospect of a large and supply of electric power will undoubtedly be attractive to the industrial North and may be one of the chief factors inducing them to a union with the Free State.

Mr. Gwynn admits that much of the early enthusiasm for Gaelicising the Free State has evaporated, but the principle that Gaelic is to be the national language of the Free State, with English only a second language, though in constant use, is embodied in the Constitution. All candidates for the civil service and for teaching positions must pass examinations in Gaelic. Among those who formerly opposed the development of Ireland as a bilingual country there has been a growth of the enthusiasm for a cultural revival and the Celtic Department of Trinity College now rivals that of the National University. Though recently there has been less criticism of the Gaelic language movement, no doubt many of its opponents still hold with Mr. Sullivan that "it is the primitive dialect of a primitive people in the mountain glens," and that as it is used in the schools merely "dulls and stupefies the children of the country."

In reading through the chapters on the vast work of reconstruction one is convinced that there is a new order of things in Ireland, and that the destinies of the nation are controlled by a group of young men of industry, of courage, and of intelligence. The great fault of Irishmen has been that they seldom see facts clearly or see things in perspective—almost always through mists of sentiment or party feeling. Perhaps the old politicians who pursued the evil tenor of their ways in hazy speculation, free of facts, are gone. This book, free as it is of ambiguity, of religious bias, of misty sentimentality, and of party feeling, is itself some indication of the new order of things. In its treatment of the mechanics of the Free State government, of its complicated Dominion status, and its constitutional as well as economic, it leaves very little to be desired. Any intelligent and systematic study of the Irish Free State must begin with this admirable volume.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

A Symposium on Religion

RELIGION: THE DYNAMIC OF EDUCATION. Edited by WALTER H. HOWLETT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $1.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL
St. Stephen's College

UNDER this challenging title have been collected eleven papers, each by a person prominent in religious educational circles, which were contributed to a Saturday symposium at Columbia University last spring. They are worth reading, but for the most part they just miss getting much of anywhere.

The authors recognize that the price we have paid for the divorcement of Church and State in education is the almost total elimination of training in that civilizing and centralizing racial discipline which is commonly called religious or mystical. There are three possible dynamics in life: self-seeking, humanity-worship, and God-service. In as much as the second inevitably degenerates into sentimentality, we are turning out of our "godless public schools"—most of these writers are wise enough to know that this term is scientifically descriptive and not prejudiced—a race of selfish people. This condition they bewail, and seek to find palliation.

Curiously enough, most of them assume that we must accept the cleavage of education into two groups, separate and distinct, secular instruction and religious instruction. To be sure, Professor Adelaide Case of Teachers' College does say, at the conclusion of her thoughtful paper, "The time has come for the churches to set up a seven-day plan for religious education which will utilize the public school, the home, the playground, and the Church school." But that means, of course, leaving most of the child's life still to be lived in the atmosphere of a definitely secularized public school. John W. Suter, Jr., in what is the most penetrating paper in the book, unconsciously answers Miss Case. He says, "It is a great pity that we cannot conduct education as a unit. . . . It would be ideal for the Church to teach its boys and girls everything they have to learn and mix it all up with religion, helping the children to see that there is only one universe and one God, and that truths do not contradict each other." That is good psychology, sound pedagogical sense. Mr. Suter says that unfortunately what he advocates cannot be done, but adds, significantly, the phrase, "at the present time."

John J. Tigert contributes a somewhat prosy paper on "Religion Essential to Good Citizenship." The title is typical of a common modern getting of the cart before the horse, which is particularly irritating to those who know anything of the history of religion or who have had any mystical experience themselves. And really, one would expect of a former Commissioner of Education of the United States that he would know better than to say that the word "education" comes from "educere," which means "to lead out." It comes from "educare," which means "to feed or nourish."

Miss Cornelia S. Adair, once president of the National Education Association, contributes a paper on "The New Emphasis in Public Education," in which she seems to be maintaining that our public schools are definitely religious because they seek to give scope to large personal development in an atmosphere of freedom. One wonders if Miss Adair has ever read James's "Varieties of Religious Experience." Also, she tells a story which, as she presents it, involves more than a little contempt for the Bishop of Washington and his canons at the Cathedral on Mt. St. Alban, a story which sounds apocryphal, even if in fact it may not be, and which certainly imputes motives quite uncharitably.

With one or two exceptions, the contributions are earnest, sincere, humble, and intelligent; but to this reviewer it seems that most of them beg the real question at issue, namely, how it may be possible again to bring together elements in education at present divorced, and to make of human experience and thinking again a united process.

What Is Religion?

OUTLINES OF THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION. By HORATIO W. DRESSER. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by WOODBRIDGE RILEY
Vassar College

THIS well written and interesting book represents a reaction against works in which religion is judged by its less promising origins, such as its being a survival from primitive times, or a substitute mechanism, or mode of relief from repressions. As one inclined towards Quakerism and a moderate mysticism the writer has a special aversion to those who explain the mystic experiences in terms of sex. He apparently has in mind Leuba's treatment of the mystic absolute as the god of the gonads, when he speaks of recent psychology depending more and more on the sense organs, on biology, and on the study of the glands.

Dresser prefers authors like William James, Starbuck, and Pratt, and would gather his data from "books on religion by religious people, by people who earnestly adhere to their faith." But here he seems to go too far, for in his complacent accounts of historic conversions he declares that while "the intensity of the experience can be explained on psycho-neurotic grounds in some cases, the real question is to account for the quality of the change, the thoroughly healthy "sentiment" of one who becomes dedicated to the "Fatherhood of God." This is dubious. Take but one case that Dresser cites. In the "Confessions" of St. Augustine we find not only a lurid description of the early sex life of the African Father, and a specific statement as to his soul being "sick," but also a definition of the attributes of Deity which logically allows for the damnation of infants. Dresser's own reaction to such dreadful doctrines may explain his statement in the chapter on Adolescence that:

> If reason is fostered at this fortunate juncture, the youth may postpone all religious decisions, and so may have the rare privilege of reflecting on various important subjects before doctrines and dogmas have established an intellectual "set" that can only with difficulty be overcome in later years.

Nevertheless the author does not carry out his suggestion of the cultivation of suspended judgment, nor sufficiently allow for that type of youth for whom the study of religion is a bore and a waste of time. Between the flamboyant type and the "sick soul," representing the extremes of optimism and pessimism, there might be put the neutral type which looks on religion as a curious subject of study, and collects strange doctrines as he might rare postage stamps. It is possible for the objective observer as "the spectator of all time," to make a hobby of queer sects and, this type of person is particularly allowed for in Dresser's own statement that "we need not assume that religious emotion is essential and universal."

❧ ❧

However the writer does not accept the dictum that religion is one of the major passions of mankind. He rather inclines to a moderate mysticism, a rationalized form of quietism. His views here are most valuable, for he has actually humanized a subject bristling with difficulties. Thus a behaviorist like Leuba represents one extreme with his emphasis on sex, while the "high church" mystic like Evelyn Underhill represents the other extreme in her statement that introversion is "the characteristic mystic art." As a compromise between these points of view there follows a very fine definition which avoids the occultisms either of the brutal physiologist or of the abnormal introvert:

> Mystical experience is not then a mystery, as if one must be initiated into the secrets of a lodge. It is not unique, does not involve a special faculty, or belong in a category where analysis has no place. Nor is the mystic to be set apart from the rest of humanity, as if he possessed something beyond the capacities of other men. The differences are in degree, not in kind: the degree of interior openness or responsiveness, in contrast with the absorption of the majority of men in external affairs. It is partly a question of attention and partly of the unusual response of the participant to his experience, a response comparable to that of the rapturous lover of music who dwells for the nonce in the ideal world of a symphony opera, or oratorio. As the music-lover may claim that it is music and music only which lifts the soul to the ideal world, or reality-in-itself, so for the mystic there is an experience which lifts the soul beyond awareness of limitations, and (apparently) beyond all distinctions both within and without the soul of itself.

F. P. A. said of *Dodsworth*—"the best of all his books." * * * ARNOLD BENNETT called Sinclair Lewis "the master of rushing narrative . . . at the height of his power." * * * HENRY SEIDEL CANBY says, "His style has the breath of contemporary life in it and lifts its accent into a representation that will be memorable." * * * CARL VAN DOREN thinks that "a hundred years of American reflection on Europe are summed up in *Dodsworth* in a crackle of comedy." $2.50

Harcourt, Brace and Company, 383 Madison Avenue, New York

American Negro Folk Songs

By NEWMAN I. WHITE

"One pauses with respect before this collection of over eight hundred songs, representing most of the southern states and every type of negro folk-song. The book is a veritable mine of information for all interested in this captivating subject."—*Monthly Book Talk.* "No student of folklore or of any phase of the negro problem can afford to neglect this largest and most thorough of all negro song collections."—*Sociology and Social Research.* "The book is beautifully made and printed."—*Christian Register.* $5.00.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

New APPLETON Books

ASPECTS OF BIOGRAPHY

By *André Maurois.* The biographer of "Disraeli" and Shelley reveals the secrets of his own practice. "M. Maurois writes penetratingly and charmingly of biography.—*New York Herald Tribune.* $2.00

THE ART OF STRAIGHT THINKING

By *Edwin Leavitt Clarke.* A guide to independent, logical thought on social questions, showing how to avoid the pitfalls of prejudice and error. $3.00

THE ADOLESCENT

By *Sidney I. Schwab, M.D.,* and *Borden S. Veeder, M.D.* Not only an important contribution to the study of the adolescent but a book that should be read by every parent of a growing child. $3.00

BOB DAVIS ABROAD!

By *Robert H. Davis.* The most jovial and fertile of story tellers writes of Italy, France, England, Scotland, Canada, the Tropics and Alaska. $2.00

BODILY CHANGES IN PAIN, HUNGER, FEAR AND RAGE

By *Walter B. Cannon.* A new edition of this important work, revised to include many interesting new results produced by the author's latest researches. $3.00

SOME SPANISH-AMERICAN POETS

By *Alice Stone Blackwell.* The favorite poets of nineteen different Latin-American republics are represented in this anthology. Most of the poems have never before been translated. $3.00

A GUIDE TO BERNARD SHAW

By *Edward Wagenknecht.* A clear and well-written guide to Shaw's works as a whole, discussing them individually and interpreting by them the great dramatist's philosophy. $1.50

Try your bookseller for these books.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
35 West 32nd Street, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Art of Literary Criticism

An appreciation of the Distinguished Reviewing Inspired by Ellen Glasgow's New Novel, "They Stooped to Folly"

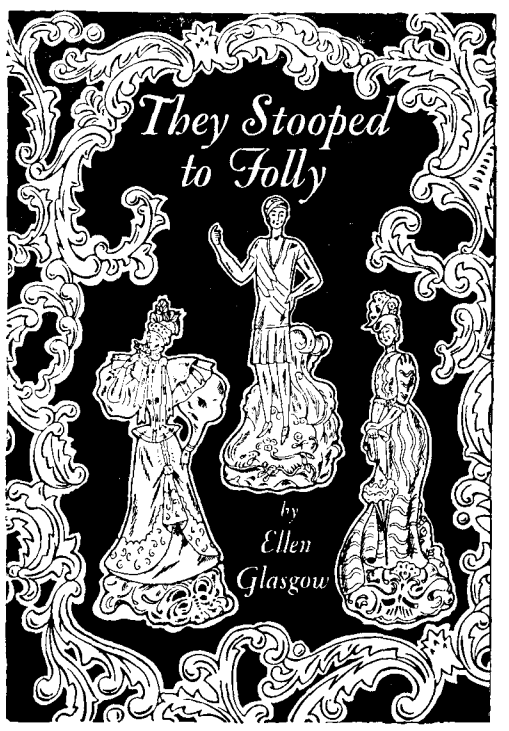
GONE is the golden age when Macaulay could take the title of a book as text and write with unclipped freedom about whatever stirred his fancy. The present mode in book reviewing requires that the reviewer confine himself more or less to the book in hand—and that, as every critic knows, is a leash to the pencil. Each week there are hundreds of new books waiting for their word of appraisal, good books, poor books and mediocre ones, to be assayed and forgotten tomorrow. But occasionally a book appears so soundly conceived, so brilliantly and suavely written that it inflames the critical imagination. Then book reviewing becomes criticism, and criticism a fine art. The reviewer by his own keenness of appreciation and happy choice of phrase, transmits to the reader, the flavor, the peculiar literary quality of the author.

HARRY HANSEN
Author of Mid-West Portraits and Literary Editor of the New York World. Probably the most widely-read critic in New York.

THE reviews of Ellen Glasgow's "They Stooped to Folly" for example. Seldom have we read more genuinely fine writing, more brilliant and penetrating comment than the reviews of the New York critics on Miss Glasgow's gleaming comedy of morals.

Percy Hutchison in THE TIMES carves with finely tempered phrases Miss Glasgow's niche in modern English literature: "It is safe to say that until there arises in this country a novelist who, like Galsworthy and Thackeray and Meredith, can combine the creation of full-bodied fictional character with wit of observation, 'They Stooped to Folly' will remain unsurpassed in any year in its chosen field of the comedy of manners. And when it is surpassed perhaps it will be by Ellen Glasgow herself. It is our guess that this is precisely what will take place. And until then 'They Stooped to Folly' should remain the most delectable mingling of ironic wit and tolerance yet done on this side of the Atlantic."

Harry Hansen in THE WORLD says with grace and point: "The importance of Miss Glasgow's story is negligible compared to the way she tells it. Her writing reads like that cultured, epigrammatic conversation one always hopes to hear but never does."



Jacket Design by LOIS LENSKI

In THE SUN, *Henry Hazlitt* observes in a vivid simile: "For several reasons it is impossible to do justice to the wit and charm of Miss Glasgow's novel by quoting from it. The epigrams are not like separate nails that have been hammered in and can be yanked out whole; they lose if they are sawed out of their context."

IN THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE *Amy Loveman* says: "No one of our female writers has her wit, her ironical insight into the foibles of human nature, her ability to reduce to an epigram the findings of her penetrating insight. Few of the men writing our novels are her peers, and no one of them surpasses her in the beautiful precision of a style which conceals its artistry under its art. She has discernment and wisdom, a detachment which permits her to watch the human comedy with amusement, and a sympathy which while it takes nothing of incisiveness from her comment leaves it always without trace of bitterness. She is, in short, a delectable novelist, one whose intelligence is always tempered by her humor, and whose humor is always in fee to her understanding."

AMY LOVEMAN
Managing Editor of the Saturday Review of Literature.

Isabel Paterson in the HERALD TRIBUNE writes of Miss Glasgow and the making of an artist: "At the fullness of her powers she was seized with that 'divine despair' which is the making of an artist. To the scientist, life is the series of phenomena out of which he educes natural laws; to the moralist, it is the conflict of appetite and aspiration which must be reconciled under a Divine Plan; to the artist, it is the chaos out of which he must create beauty. With this realization Miss Glasgow's purpose crystalized into a style. If she now works out a theme she is not primarily concerned to prove a point. Dealing with life, she makes the best of it by turning it to the uses of her art."

ISABEL PATERSON
Associate Editor of "Books" the literary supplement of the New York Herald Tribune.

And in the POST, *William Soskin:* "Life in such a world, particularly when it is envisioned in the traditionally chivalrous South, and when it deals with a period of transition from the morals and manners of one age to those of another, offers its creator a spectacle worthy of the sharpest irony, the keenest understanding and the most poignant comedy in the sense of Meredith's conception of comedy. 'They Stooped to Folly' is a 'comedy of manners' which realizes all these values."

AND this witty and ironic chronicle of fashions in morals has captured the delighted attention of readers as well. Starting with an advance sale of 120,000 copies it has run into three editions within less than two weeks and is now selling 1,200 copies a day. New York has fallen. Miss Glasgow's epigrams roll crisply from every tongue and her comments on men, women and morals are taking on the character of maxims.

$2.50 AT ALL BOOKSTORES.

If you would like to know something about the personality and setting of the woman who is writing the most brilliant and witty fiction this side of the Atlantic, send 10c in stamps to Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, New York, for a copy of "Ellen Glasgow" an attractive booklet of biographical sketches and critical appreciations.

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN Dept. SR8
Garden City, L. I.

I enclose 10c in stamps. Please send me the booklet about ELLEN GLASGOW

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

Oriental Myths

CHINESE AND JAPANESE MYTHOLOGY. By JOHN C. FERGUSON and MASAHARU ANESAKI. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. 1928.

Reviewed by LANGDON WARNER
Harvard University

IN comparison with the seven previous volumes, The Mythology of All Races Series, the task set for the authors of the eighth is colossal. They have been forced to compress the mythology of some five millions of people into a single book of four hundred pages. Both authors have made a gallant and scholarly attempt to perform this impossible task. They have produced readable and coherent summaries of the main characteristics of the national cults of China and Japan, and have added sufficient notes and suggestions to lead ambitious students into more specialized fields. Their actual contribution to the literature of the subject consists perhaps less in the content of their writing than in the logical form in which the matter is presented.

One would like to know how much collaboration the authors found possible across the narrow seas, their methods are so different, and the emphasis so interestingly placed to bring out their different points of view. The American author, Dr. Ferguson, is a Chinese scholar of repute, whose opportunities for observation and learning have been as varied as those of any foreigner resident in the Far East. The phenomena examined and discussed by him are presented in admirable array with a bibliography of Chinese and European literature that will set the student far on his way toward mastery of the subject. His succinct description of the historical and intellectual connections between Taoism and Buddhism has long been needed in English by beginners in Chinese history. His dozen pages devoted to folk-lore are, as he says, "entirely inadequate to give the reader an adequate idea of the number and variety of popular tales," and he is too generous to Giles and MacGowan when he suggests that their admirable compilations succeed in performing that task. I could wish that he had given us a few local legends connected specifically with places, for that is a form of lore perhaps more striking than any other when one travels through China. There are no charms, nor any discussion of the amazingly intricate pantheon of divinities peculiar to the various trades, occupations, and castes. Also I should have welcomed a chapter on the differing beliefs of the various provinces and the abrupt change in customs and beliefs which strikes even the ignorant foreigner when he drops south of the Yangtse or goes west of Honan. It is perhaps a true Chinese arrogance which makes him omit all mention of the outlying tribes—but more probably it is despair at the meagre space at his disposal.

The present reviewer is incompetent to discover errors in the learned doctor's work, but respectfully suggests that the twenty-eighth patriarch, Bodhi Dharma, should not be called a "successor" to Buddha, nor are the Bodhisattva "disciples." In fact, the whole matter of the Bodhi Dharma myth has been straightened out for us by Professor Pelliot. The drinking of an enemy's blood so late as 1904 is indeed remarkable because it was indulged in by a "well-known Viceroy." Ten years after that—do not think me a social climber for putting myself in the class of Viceroys—I myself *refused* an invitation to eat a slice of heart recently torn from one of White Wolf's generals at Kaifeng-fu. There is a chapter at the end of the Chinese section, which gives a brief history of the native criticism of mythology and adds a fresh and illuminating piece of technique in the methodology of scientific folk-lore and one that future authors would do well to copy.

Professor Anesaki, who holds the chair of the Science of Religion in Tokyo Imperial University, is peculiarly fitted for the task of supplying the mythological data from Japan. He brings to his work something of the compelling power which is found in the writings of the Grimm brothers and of Fraser. This, I believe, is due to his realizing sense of underlying truth in the legends, a sense which the other three undoubtedly possessed and brought to the aid of the scientific method. This is not a question of scholarship nor of a powerful imagination, nor even of literary style. It can be acquired by no amount of careful method. As a lad one must have lain awake at night for fear of these very ghosts and thrilled with pride at the hero tales. The mythology of Japan was Professor Anesaki's inalienable heritage, and when he presents it to us scientifically he shows that intuitive understanding of its potency which makes false values impossible. One is convinced that his estimate of the position of legend in Japanese culture is a precise one.

Realizing the true inwardness of a national mythology, the author has frankly included much that is of demonstrably foreign origin. To have omitted Chinese and Indian myths would have been to lose a full half of the true Japan. For as soon as a tale or a charm or a magical practice reached the islands from overseas and proved its fitness to survive, it was so modified by the peculiar genius of the people that it became their own. Nothing was accepted by the "folk" which did not adequately express them. Thus, Japanese Buddhism, with its foreign terminology, its Indian and Chinese ritual, and its art inherited from strangers, has become, for the masses at least, perfectly and precisely Japanese. Even in Shinto the native cult, there are ideas and divine beings recognizably foreign, but they are so closely knit with Japanese thought that no one but a foreign university professor of the most unsympathetic aloofness could dissect them from their setting—and he would be mistaken to do so.

As for omissions—and they no doubt pained the author even more than they do us—they are best suggested by the inclusions. Volumes could (and should) be written to cover subjects compressed here into paragraphs. Surely some Japanese scholar with the pen of a Lafcadio Hearn is even now preparing them for the press.

Black Folk

EARTH BORN. By HOWARD SNYDER. New York: The Century Company. 1929. $2.

THE fundamental difference between such a novel as "Earth Born," which deals with the lives of negroes on a remote cotton plantation, and the work of some other white authors in the same field, with Julia Peterkin's novels as the most striking example of what we are trying to say, is that Mr. Snyder's book seems to be written wholly from the outside. Its details are no doubt accurate, it carries a full freight of the lore of black folk, but one misses the genuine sympathy and understanding that have been so strongly marked characteristics of a great deal of fiction about the negro produced in the past few years.

The story of "Earth Born" is quite slight; indeed it is not much more than a chronicle of events during a given period of time, although the conflict between "Parson Robinson" and "Big Jim Mississippi" over the favor of the worthless Matilda makes a sort of plot. Mr. Snyder has done well with his study of the mixture of purely pagan superstition and Christianity that governs the lives of his characters, and his pictures of ceremonies pertaining to both "religions" are interestingly done. But on the whole the book lacks the spark that literature must have; there is something not quite right about the dialect, although one finds it hard to discover just what the matter is, and the prose of the rest of the book is hardly distinguished.

It is only fair to say that if "Earth Born" had appeared five years ago, let us say, the fact that it was written by a white man wholly about negroes—it is without even so much as one white character—and that it is filled with exact and careful observation, would have made its publication somewhat of an event. Up to that time, most novels out of the South had made much of racial conflict, and were frequently the poorer for the introduction of melodramatic incidents, such as lynchings,—melodramatic, even if true. But in the meanwhile a number of Southern writers have not only observed their black neighbors shrewdly and painstakingly; they have gone much further and made them live in books with so much universal quality that their struggles and hardships and joys are poignantly real even to persons completely removed from the Southern scene.

This method of criticism by comparison has its disadvantages, but it is inevitable in the instance of Mr. Snyder's work. "Earth Born" is a thoroughly honest book, with an occasional touch of beauty and some excitement in it, but this reader, at least, was not really moved in the slightest by what was happening to any of the persons of the drama; fairly or not he suspects that Mr. Snyder was not moved, either, although there can be no doubt about the interest he finds in certain customs and beliefs of negroes.

Points of View

A Program for Liberals

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The reading of Mr. Mencken's article entitled "Light and Learning" has induced me to submit the following stray thoughts.

It is my impression that more than satire is now our need. Satire with lightning flashes exposes those dark, unhappy recesses in a system which convention consigns to an undisturbing oblivion. But a more steady light accompanies the refashioning of these neglected areas. Decayed institutions crumbled before the mocking smile of Voltaire, but no beneficent institution of society claims him for a patron saint; the racing pen of Swift sketched man in all his loathsomeness, but "Gulliver's Travels" is not recommended to inspire edification. Our Voltaires and Swifts have performed their necessary functions most admirably, their exits must be followed by the entrances of Benthams and Comtes. After the wreckers come the builders.

As a nation we present the spectacle of whirling along the grooves of history with electronic speed in an unknown direction toward a remote goal even more unknown, whose very existence we sometimes are inclined to doubt. The social forces unloosed by the unfolding of the industrial system hurl us along their impetuous courses unwittingly. Man betrays his sense of helplessness with a cynicism tinged with fatalism. In bold outlines, with grand assurance, Spengler has sketched our dismal immediate fate—Cæsars and Death; the shelves in bookstores carry a title "Of Human Bondage." Denying hope in life and offering no release in death, our intellectuals give us scant comfort. An oppressive heaviness hangs ominously upon our thought, we move in negation and affirm only an indifference.

Our era has often been called scornfully materialistic, but this element is Janus-faced. If we wallow in materials, we also penetrate the atom. Before the relentless experimentation in our laboratories, the former mysteries of matter have yielded their secrets only to reveal deeper and increasingly mystic unknowns. Astronomers have mounted far beyond our heavens, physicists find miniature solar systems in the atom. On the one hand our fleetness of thought passes beyond Euclid, on the other it returns to Epicurus; Einstein and Planck are contemporary. Magnificent vistas open leading to enchanted realms of thought that the wildest dreams could not envisage. To view the whirling atoms, to determine the secret springs of man's conduct, to glimpse the social forces that "move the wheels of the ages," are the privileges bestowed upon the intellect of the moderns. Following thoughts that flit through these shadowy regions "whithersoever they may lead" with the constancy of Merlin seeking the gleam, is the adventure opening before the intrepid.

From extending our attention over these expansive realms we must now contract it within the boundaries imposed by the nature of political thought. It has been said that political thought forms the rear guard in any advance of the philosophies, but even the barren staff of speculation concerning the processes of government has begun to put forth fresh leaves. Unfortunately, so-called respectable political theory has repelled us by a frigid unreality, and realistic theory has repelled us by its grossness. To walk on the "quaking ground" between Aquinas and Machiavelli is the solid and certain path for students of politics.

In a very true manner, governments derive their power from the consent of the governed; in general a people has the government it deserves, it reflects the condition of a people, a government holds a mirror to the political countenance of a nation. Across the wide expanses of our nation a strange political torpor has crept into the former vigorous political activities of a people that forged an empire. This apathy may be the natural reaction to a long period of activity, but at present problems confront us well calculated to inspire reflection. The discerning members on "The Great American Band Wagon" vociferously shriek that we are travelling an erroneous and perilous road, but helpful suggestions for changing our course are so feeble as to be enveloped in the general din. Intelligent persons devote their lives to studying the functioning of the governments of the world, but their learning only enables them to criticize the more caustically the functioning of their own, and with an attitude of superiority they withdraw to the cloisters of the colleges and universities,—lights that failed.

If we are to place archons instead of politicians in the offices of the State, a determined, well-knit, homogeneous minority must be organized to elevate them to those places. Throughout the length and breadth of the land this group banded together by a common purpose must prepare for struggle. Its members will study the detailed mechanism of government, will collect and interchange materials bearing upon imminent problems, and over all this drudgery will be diffused a brilliant light kindled by a sincere and noble motive. When in the future severe crises come heaping upon us, this information diligently gathered and discussed may suggest methods to resolve the discords of the time, and its warders will be prepared to assume the tasks of the State. Liberalism will be endowed with a definite positive goal, and will entrench itself within the well-directed enthusiasm of its votaries, sustained and buttressed by vast amounts of accurate and useful information. Quickening into sudden life in many of our cities are groups organized for the purposes of discussion and elucidation of matters affecting foreign policies. Something similar but broader in scope is my suggestion for Liberals. Scattered energies must be galvanized into a unit. Our purpose should not be organization for the propagation of some dogma, or adherence to any Articles of Faith should not be demanded of members. The vitality of the movement would rest in the clash of several ideas; its strength would be ensured by the absorption of these varieties.

REGINALD D. LANG.
University of California.

The Meaning of Cynic

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Arthur Colton, reviewing T. S. Eliot (April 27), quotes from Eliot that "the cynic is always impure and sentimental," and objects that "cynicism is not always that."

Are both men using the word in the same sense? The word "cynic" is international, but has not the same meaning in standard English usage as it has in continental European languages. "A cynic," by classic English precedent, is one who does not profess any belief in the virtuousness of others; *un cynique* is one who makes no pretense of having any virtuousness of his own. Of course those who have been much under the influence of French culture are likely to use the word in English in the French sense (especially so since the war, it seems to me) without any consciousness that they are departing from English usage.

Obviously, statements made by a writer who uses the word in one sense will not in general be true for a reader who uses it in the other sense.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON
Ballard Vale, Mass.

More on Graduate Work

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The helpless graduate student who complained through a column and a half in your issue of July 20th that he is made to read not literature, but books about literature, is in a sad plight, sad for him. Shall we devise a merit system for academic students of literature, awarding a red star for each novel read outside of class, a blue star for each drama, and a gold star for each epic, with a stick of Wrigley's thrown in? Of course there is something wrong with our graduate schools—a few of the students found therein. Good God, does the man have to be *told* to read?

GRADUATE STUDENT.
University of Washington.

Mrs. Sigourney

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am writing a life of Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney (1791-1865), the first American "poetess." I should be very grateful for any help you can give me in finding letters to or by the lady.

GORDON S. HAIGHT.
Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.

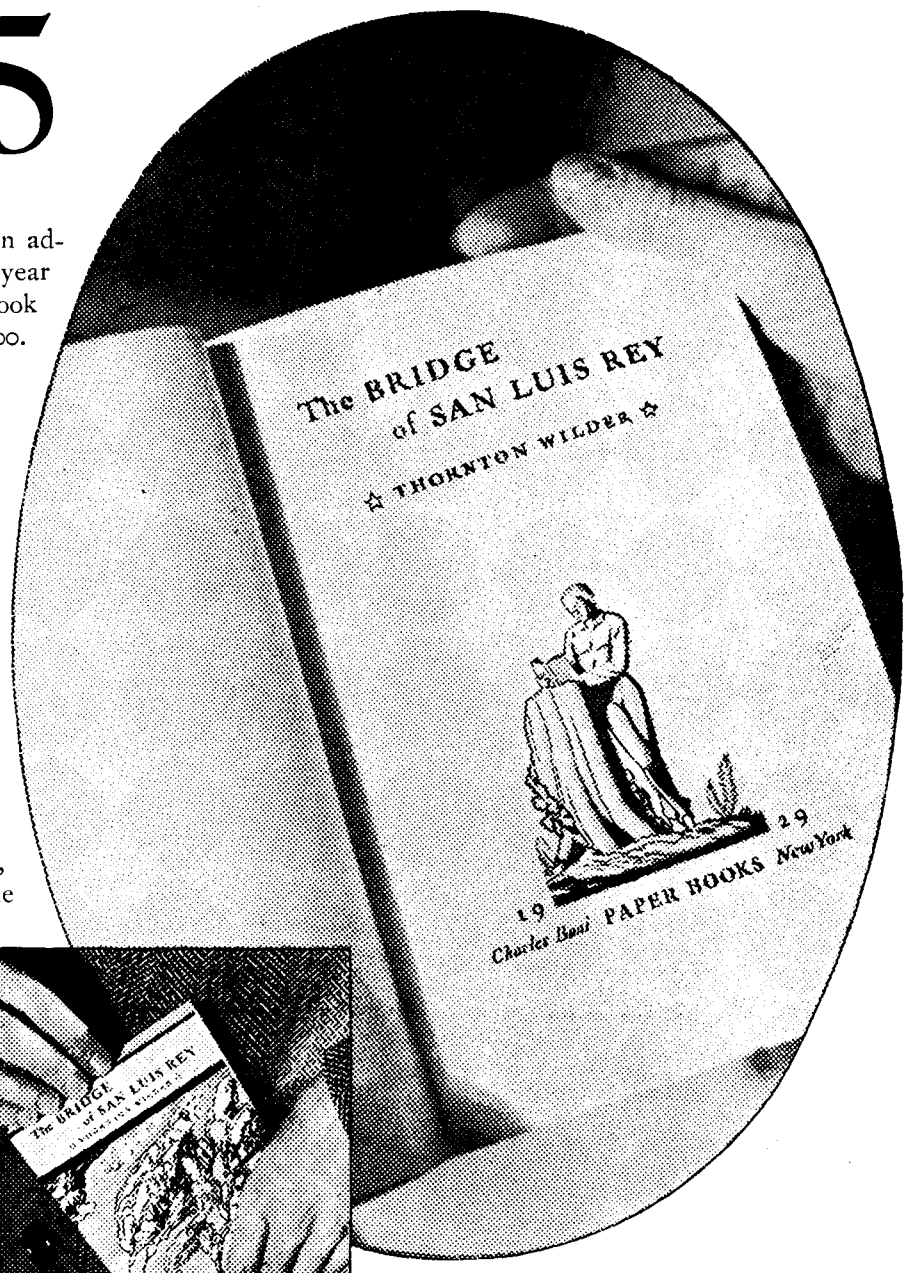
"Henry George has been dead more than thirty years," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "and exactly fifty years have passed since the publication of 'Progress and Poverty' in England. While subtler economists have been forgotten, Henry George's influence seems rather to spread."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Never Before

a Book Club offer like this

12 BOOKS FOR $5



To see how fine they are, clip the coupon. It brings you

ONE BOOK FREE!

THE cost of good new books has now been reduced to a figure lower than ever before—42¢ each!

Think what it means! Important new books for 1/5 or 1/6 the usual trade edition prices . . . for 1/3 what you would pay even under the ordinary book club plan.

Books never before published for only 42¢ each

Briefly, here is how this astonishing innovation was accomplished.

The Paper Books have combined the European idea of binding books in paper with the economies of the American book club plan. These economies permit *even lower prices* than are possible in Europe, and we pass them on to readers of Paper Books in the form of a big cash saving. And the Paper Books are even more beautiful than most new books published at from $2.50 to $5.00 each.

How to obtain Paper Books

Send us the coupon below. So that you may see for yourself how fine the Paper Books are, we send "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder, free. This book has been published before, of course. Perhaps you have read it. But you have never seen it in the Paper Books format and we urge you to send for it. If you like this Paper Book, send us $5.00. Then, in addition to this free book, for a whole year you receive a new and worth-while book every month. Twelve books for $5.00. Less than 42¢ each!

Other Advantages

In spite of the low cost at which we are bringing Paper Books to the American public, we have made these books *even more attractive* than ordinary editions of the new novels, works of history, biography, or travel.

Paper Books are exquisitely beautiful. They are sturdily made, conveniently portable. The cover design, end papers, and decorations were especially designed for The Paper Books by Rockwell Kent, internationally famous artist. The type pages are by Elmer Adler, eminent among book designers.

The Paper Books are as strong as they are beautiful. They are printed on attractive antique finish paper with strong, durable reinforced covers. The paper used for the text pages is a lovely cream of expensive quality, not ordinary dead white.

The books you receive will be both fiction and non-fiction, by both American and European authors. They will be important books. And they will be of standard novel length.

To assure the literary quality of the Paper Books, the distinguished group of editors, pictured below, will select a Paper Book each month from the most vivid and significant work being done today. The names of the Board of Editors are sufficient guarantee of the rare quality of the books to be included in this remarkable series.

The Paper Books are all full length volumes but we have made them small enough to be conveniently carried in your pocket.

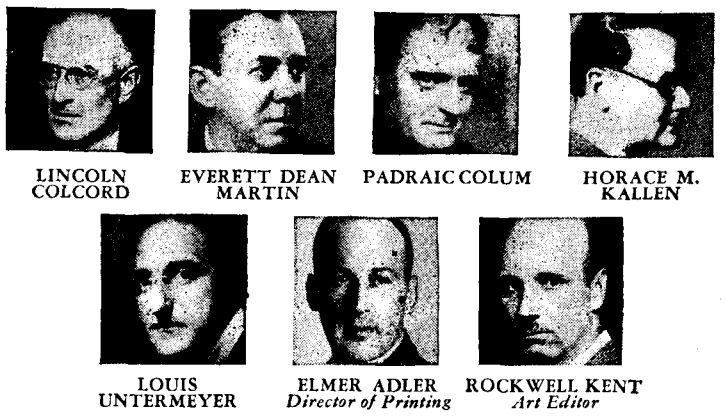
Yet the cost of the twelve Paper Books is only $5.00, a modest sum that leaves your book budget practically untouched. This feature has appealed strongly to many readers.

Only a short time ago the Paper Books were first announced. And already thousands of book lovers have greeted the Paper Books with enthusiasm. All who are interested in the cultural aspects of American life have seen in the Paper Books an idea of immense value to all who care for good books.

We offer 7 *Interesting New Features*

1. Twelve important new books (standard size) for only $5.00.
2. Beautiful, readable, sturdy, portable books in paper covers.
3. Covers and end papers designed by Rockwell Kent.
4. Typography by Elmer Adler.
5. You own a *new* book at the ordinary *rental price* of *second-hand books.*
6. A special offer: "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder, sent free, to show you clearly just what the Paper Books will be like. Note coupon.
7. Your Paper Books subscription, costing only $5.00, leaves a comfortable amount in your book budget for other purchases.

The Board of Editors of the Paper Books



LINCOLN COLCORD — EVERETT DEAN MARTIN — PADRAIC COLUM — HORACE M. KALLEN

LOUIS UNTERMEYER — ELMER ADLER, *Director of Printing* — ROCKWELL KENT, *Art Editor*

Charles Boni

PAPER BOOKS

66 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

PLEASE ACCEPT THIS BOOK FREE

Send us this coupon. By return mail we will send you, postpaid, in the Paper Books format, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder.

After you have examined this book, send us $5.00 within 5 days—or return the book. Do not wait—send coupon now!

S. 4

PAPER BOOKS
Charles Boni, Publisher,
66 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me, free, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" by Thornton Wilder. Within 5 days after receiving the book I will send you $5.00 for a charter subscription for the Paper Books, or return the book. Send check with Coupon if you prefer.

Name .....

Street..... City.....
($5.50 in Canada, $6.00 abroad)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just Published

A complete, detailed, unbiased life of one of history's most influential women. A searching quest for full knowledge of a controversial figure.

MRS. EDDY

The Biography of a Virginal Mind

By

EDWIN FRANDEN DAKIN

Few individuals have ever had an opportunity to weigh the facts regarding Mary Baker Eddy at anything approaching their true relative values. The author has approached his task in the conviction that an effort to understand the reality of Mrs. Eddy is a truer tribute than an attempt to carve her down to the image of a marble saint.

553 *pages.* $5.00

Now on sale at all bookstores

Charles Scribner's Sons · Fifth Avenue · New York

The New Best Seller

By

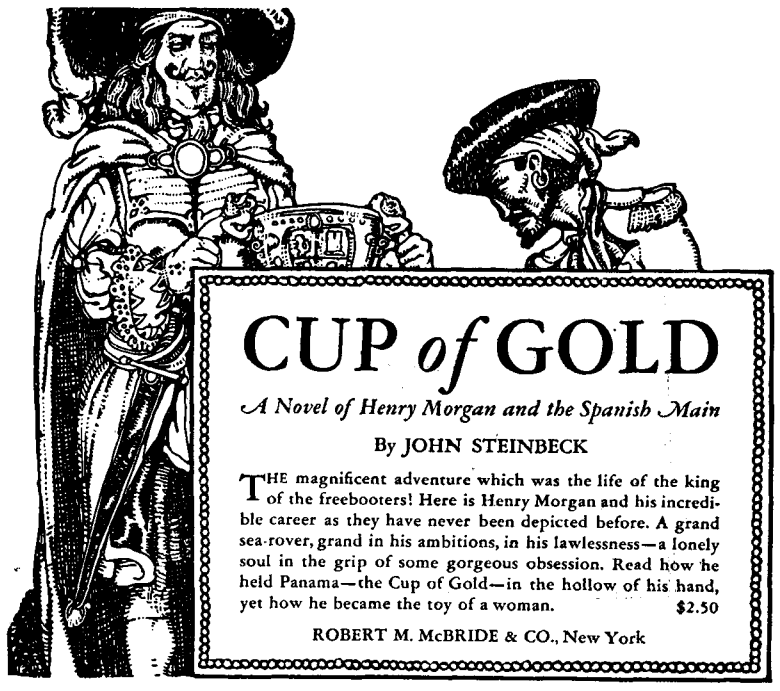
SUSAN ERTZ

"A best-seller" - - - - - *Chicago Tribune*
"Vivid, exciting" - *New York Herald Tribune*
"A triumph" - - - - - - *Boston Herald*
"An achievement" - - - *New York World*
"A book to sink your teeth into" - *The Outlook*
"Brilliant" - - - - *Philadelphia Inquirer*

THIS IS AN APPLETON BOOK

D. Appleton and Company
35 West 32nd Street, New York

AT ALL BOOK-SELLERS



CUP *of* GOLD

A Novel of Henry Morgan and the Spanish Main

By JOHN STEINBECK

THE magnificent adventure which was the life of the king of the freebooters! Here is Henry Morgan and his incredible career as they have never been depicted before. A grand sea-rover, grand in his ambitions, in his lawlessness—a lonely soul in the grip of some gorgeous obsession. Read how he held Panama—the Cup of Gold—in the hollow of his hand, yet how he became the toy of a woman. $2.50

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & CO., New York

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 66. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short poem called "The Sea Serpent." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of September 9.)

Competition No. 67. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most amusing humorless excerpt from a Ph.D. thesis on "The Allegorical Aspect of Cinderella." (Entries, which must be confined to 400 words including footnotes and quotations, should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of September 23.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

THE SIXTY-THIRD COMPETITION

The prize for the best Lines to a Neglected Poet has been divided equally between Claudius Jones and Dinah Stevens.

THE PRIZE ENTRIES

I

THEGN of young Edwin, would that Bede, who prized
More than your genius, monkish miracles,
Had taught me how to name you! Poet? Truly,
When, to the Witan summoned, Edwin's thegns
Crowded Northumbria's halls to hear the words
Of black-robed Paulinus, and Coifi pale;
But wiser far than more instructed priests
Of later years, whose ears heard not, foreswore
Idolatry, your rugged Saxon speech,
Must in its measure have marched a little lamely
With letters alike, the lines apart divided,
The way, wit you, that once chanted gleemen
Of Beowulf and Grendel. Poet? Truly,
Yours was the soul of poetry. Some stood
In these wide halls, lit by the smoky flame
Of pine knots, who with wassail and booty bounded
Their small horizons, women, war and food,
Bracelets of gold and tin, a sark of mail,
But you—"Our human life, my lord, the king,
Seems like some tempest driven sparrow's flight,
That at your window flutters in, to feel
Awhile the warmth, awhile to share the light
Then, to the darkness whence it came returning,
Flies from our presence." Nameless poet, then
The awful word of magic poetry
Opened about you. Then you knew its joy.
For this is poetry: thus our life to see
E'en as it is for those who know aright,
A little ring of phosphorescent light
Above an ocean dark with mystery.

II

John Clare (1793-1864)

"This is our Angels' Bedlam," said the Guide,
With pardonable pride.
"Who knew not Heaven other than they dreamed it
Here reside.
One walks with furrows in his hair,
And talks to the mild air,
And to the wife he dreamed and to their child,
And chaunts: "True Poesy owns a haunted mind."
'Tis said that when he died,
His soul scarce felt its flight
So heavenly was the Light he walked in
On that side."

"Was there no Purgatory, then? No Hell for him?" I cried.
And he replied, smiling a little,
"He was a Poet and he died."

DINAH STEVENS.

This competition produced interesting side results, but, in spite of a very large entry, there were few poems up to our prize winning standard. The most impressive was by Homer M. Parsons, but I found it too obscure to take first place. Claudius Jones does not really interpret the word Poet in the sense in which it was here used; and Dinah Stevens's verses are *about* rather than *to* John Clare. Their offerings were only slightly better than those from Arjeh and John Cox, Jr., both of whom were more attentive to the wording of the contest. After some hesitation I have given preference to the first pair.

Current neglect of dead poets can only be viewed relatively. Thus it was impossible to sympathize much with those who fastened on Shakespeare, Goethe, Villon, Burns, Byron, Poe, Whittier, or even Gay and Francis Thompson, although, doubtless, all these poets deserve more attention than the largess our decade has given them. Anon (another favorite, whose doughtiest champion was John Cox, Jr.) is perhaps unrealized rather than neglected; but it was a nice seizure of the point to choose that "most modest of all great poets," as Walter de la Mare has called him. Longfellow, whose name made several appearances—a happy sign—surely suffers from underestimation rather than neglect.

The remaining names seemed to fall into three main classes. (1) The, at best, not-very-important neglected, such as Hovey, Gilder, and, perhaps, Sorley; (2) the rightly neglected, chief of whom—and I was astounded to see his name again—was Richard Henry "Hengist" Horne, the author of "Orion," championed in gallant verse by Julian M. Drachman; and (3) the unjustifiably neglected, like Doughty, Clare, Landor, David Gray, B. V., and Sir Philip Sidney. I was surprised that nobody chose William Vaughn Moody, who is, I think, the most neglected of important American poets. For myself, I should have chosen Mary Coleridge. There were a few names that were more or less new to me, particularly Coates Kinney, Lucretia Davidson, and Phoebe Scribble's delicately praised Grenville Mellen.

All this sufficiently warns one that there can be no certain measure of the neglect of poets. There seems to be none so poor in fame or obscure in name but someone somewhere is doing him reverence. And this contest very pleasingly revealed that few such private enthusiasms are wasted on worthless work. Happily it was not necessary to decide between various degrees of negelct; otherwise I should have been predisposed in favor of John A. L. Odde's stanzas about Doughty. Honorable mention was earned by Venita Seibert White, Leonard Doughty, George O. Jager (who spoils occasionally powerful work by the use of such unnecessary contractions as 'neath, e'en, 'tis, and 'twas), Jean Waterbury, Isabel Fiske Conant, Johnson Brigham, Bert Leach (but not for his lines on Bryant), and Anne W. Carpenter.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature,* 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW BORZOI FICTION *for* SUMMER READING

ROPER'S ROW

by Warwick Deeping

author of *Sorrell and Son*
(now in its fourth hundred thousand)

Here is an unforgettable story, whose characters stand out like real human beings. And before many pages are turned, you will discover why they seem so vivid: because Mary Hazzard is, at bottom, your own mother, and lovely Ruth Avery, your daughter in those moods you love best in her. Entirely aside from the ambitious character of Dr. Hazzard, such beautiful portraits of two admirable and lovely women have rarely been painted in words. An even finer story than *Sorrell and Son*.
$2.50

THE REBELS

by Alfred Neumann

Far away in Paris the Central Bureau of the Carbonari meets and spins its plans. And in Florence the beggar, Gioia, shambles across the plaza; Caminer of the Buon Governo chews his auburn mustache and waits gleefully for the uprising he will suppress. The Grand Duke of Tuscany tries to forget politics in love for Princess Maria, and she, evading her feeble husband and royal lover, meets Gasto Guerra, leader of the rebels, in a walled garden high above the city. The best novel of its kind since Gide's *The Counterfeiters*.
$2.50

BRIGHT INTERVALS

by Nancy Hoyt

This story is that rare thing—an excellent light novel. Writing about Lydia, Miss Hoyt has never conceived a gayer book about a wittier and more attractive heroine. Lydia at twenty meets Bill Morton, marries him in London, plays with him in Paris, then lives with him in New York—and meets catastrophe. But being a mad Stephanyi and a charming woman, she makes faces at her troubles and emerges victoriously with a baby, a business, and a reattached husband. $2.50

THE DAIN CURSE

by Dashiell Hammett
(*an ex-Pinkerton Detective*)

Gabrielle Leggett thought it was a curse that hung over her head. But Mr. Hammett's hard-boiled and nameless detective was not superstitious! He corners this Dain Curse and proves it to be one of the most amazing criminals in fiction. $2.00

EGG PANDERVIL

by Gerald Bullett

"Its hero is at once in the happy H. G. Wells tradition of comic-pathetic little men. . . . It is a logical thing to compare the two writers, and it will be quite as logical for those who like Wells to have very kindly feelings for Mr. Bullett."—*The New York Times*. $2.50
Coming Sept. 13th, *Nicky Son of Egg*

The MYSTERIOUS PARTNER

by A. Fielding

Legendary laughter that was always followed by death! Into the evil halls of Farthing, come Inspector Pointer of Scotland Yard and Majoribanks, an amateur. Knowing Inspector Pointer's past reputation for brilliant sleuthing, it is not hard to guess which detective gets his man. $2.00

RED CAVALRY

by Isaac Babel

Other books may come out of Soviet Russia . . . none better. How the least known side of the War looked to a Jew in a Cossack Regiment. Men reduced to beasts; a country to a dunghill. Fearless and graphic! $2.50

THREE LOVES

by Max Brod

Here are three unforgettable women: Dorothy, the voluptuary; Agnes, the idealist; and Stasha, the fatal love. One of these was the woman longed for that Lieutenant Mayreder sought all his life. Which one was it? $2.50

FAREWELL TO PARADISE

by Frank Thiess

author of *Interlude*

The touching story of the childhood romance that secretly bore to Wolf and Suzanne their first realization of human love. This exquisite miniature will soon be the little classic of young romance. $2.50

ALFRED · A · KNOPF

730 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

BORZOI BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Literature

Baroque Painting in France

HISTOIRE DE LA PEINTURE FRANÇAISE. Première Partie: Moyen Age et Renaissance. 1 vol. Deuxième Partie: Le XVII Siècle. 2 vols. Par LOUIS DIMIER. Paris: Van Oest. 1929.

Reviewed by KINGSLEY PORTER
Harvard University

THIS ambitious Van Oest publication, begun in 1925 and now completed in five volumes, suffers chiefly from its title. For it is in no sense a "Histoire de la Peinture Française." The vision of the authors is limited to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. For them the outer darkness ends with the calling of Rosso and Primiticio to Fontainebleau; and it recommences with the smashing of the academy by David. Had the book been brought out with due indication of the character of its contents, a disappointment, which many readers will now no doubt feel, would have been avoided. But business-minded publishers realize that the public wants complete histories of art. Hence the misleading title of the present book, and, what is worse, a lame and unsuccessful attempt on the part of M. Dimier to make it seem what it is not. As the matter stands, the nineteenth and twentieth centuries are completely ignored, and it would have been better had all before Francis I been treated the same way. For, unhappily, M. Dimier has prefixed to his competent work an extraneous composition occupying the first part of his first volume and dealing with "les origines" which he is pleased to qualify as beginning with the year 1300. For him little matters Carlovingian illumination, the School of Tours, the frescos of the twelfth century, St.-Savin, Berzé-la-Ville, and other similar exhibitions of bad taste. "Ne commettons pas l'erreur de commencer l'histoire de la peinture française avant la fin du XIIIe siècle." The taste for primitive art is a perversion that originated in Germany; the beginning of light was when Cimabue (*sic*) painted the Rucellai Madonna, etc., etc., etc.

Clearly M. Dimier knows little and cares less for all that preceded academicism. His early pages make quaint reading in this sophisticated twentieth century. The old, time-worn standards of Vasari are relaunched with calm ignoring of all modern scholarship, all modern criticism, and all demonstrated fact. Yet it is this passion, this lack of balance if you like, in M. Dimier that is engaging. He may be blind, but he is sincere, and that is a virtue highly to be prized in these times when canned opinions and received dogmas dominate archæological writing. To dare to be ignorant to-day witnesses a courage little short of sublime.

After this introductory raid into an unsympathetic region, M. Dimier settles down with Rosso to the art he likes and understands. It is true he turns aside to shy a tin can or so at the medievalism of Fouquet; but with Fréminet he finds an artist after his own heart.

The format of the books is large, the printing inviting, and the plates sumptuous in appearance if at times a bit muddy in detail. There are no foot-notes; the bibliography is relegated to the end of the volume that it may in no way annoy the mentally feeble. M. Dimier's writing is lucid and pleasant, although rather diffuse and marred by the repetition of stereotyped phrases such as "chose à retenir." On the whole the presentation shares the pleasantly academic character of the art of which it treats. In the long two volumes dealing with the seventeenth century, M. Dimier becomes really spirited only once, and that is in his eulogy of academicism, where for an instant the amusing pertness of his introduction returns. At times he seems dimly aware that there still might be something to be discovered by a more exact study of the painters he has under consideration; he speaks of "attributions qui seront débrouillées un jour," but nothing is farther from his thought than undertaking himself such a labor. In one passage memorable because unique, he ventures to suggest that the authorities of the Louvre in the past have not shown sufficient regard for the work of Lesueur; but the reader will rarely find in the book new perceptions or evaluations keener than those of the past. The author gives in considerable detail, and, I doubt not, accurately, the lives of the several artists he considers, but of the new science of psychological interpretation of these facts and of the internal evidence of the works of art themselves he knows nothing.

As for French baroque painting itself, what is agreeably retold in this history will be generally no doubt already familiar to most readers, but for that reason one is no less grateful to have it gathered together so conveniently and pleasantly in one place. French academicism was really formulated by Vouet, who was formed at Rome under the shadow of the Caracci and Caravaggio. Although by no means a genius of the first order, this mundane artist reflected with success the spirit of his time. That spirit was among other things the love of legs. The idea was no new one. Correggio in his Parma dome—which has been irreverently called an inverted dish of frogs' legs—had long before carried the repetition and emphasis of that human member to the last possible extreme. None the less for the painters of the first half of the seventeenth century, legs became a veritable passion. They are sprawled in spashing diagonals across gigantic canvasses; foreshortened, bent, twisted, seen from below looking up; swirled in drapery or stripped; tormented or relaxed, but always present and always prominent. Of Vouet Meredith might indeed have well remarked "He has a leg!" Not even the comic operas of the days of my boyhood laid greater emphasis upon this aspect of human anatomy. Vouet is *par excellence* the painter of legs.

Aside from this passion which he shared with his age, Vouet seems to us from this distance a fairly competent hack grinding out an endless series of rather mediocre paintings with the help of many assistants. Yet obviously he must have been more, or he could hardly have played the part he did in welding on France and on the world the shackles of academicism. In certain ways he was strangely ahead of his time—M. Dimier remarks that his works frequently pass for productions of the eighteenth century.

Then suddenly there is projected on the scene a genius of the first water—the only one perhaps that France of the seventeenth century produced in painting. Nicolas Poussin was an anomaly. His life was singularly fortunate in its misfortunes. The blessing of Holy Poverty in his youth thwarted his ambition to go to Rome—several times he started, but funds always gave out before he arrived. He finally reached the Mecca of classicism when he was thirty, and his own individuality had already been formed. Thus he absorbed and reflected the poetry of the eternal city in the seventeenth century—and what life there then must have been!—but never entirely discarded his artistic personality in favor of the technical tricks retailed and made fashionable by the established painters of the period. In spirit he often makes one think of the sensitiveness and refinement of a Pontormo or of a Pier di Cosimo rather than of the stock models which he no doubt consciously studied. But his good fortune did not end with the retarded period at which he was plunged into the Roman dyeing vat. Recalled by the king to France, he had the rare wisdom and skill to disembarrass himself of the choking royal favor, and went back to Rome where he lived the rest of his life in idyllic conditions, at financial ease, with leisure, honor, and simplicity, sheltered from all that makes the world incompatible with the finest fruition of a poetic nature. Working with artistic conscience in an artistically immoral age, he produced a series of masterpieces, which are not only technically impeccable, but deeply poetic in mood. In a landscape musical as Giorgione's—and he appears to have tried to express in it the Greek modes—move Elysian figures with stately rhythm, or they vibrate in larger scale in the shadow of dark and mysterious architecture. Never has the magic of the Agro, the mysterious soothing calm of the classic been so happily caught—not even in Gluck's "Orfeo." And what is strange is that Poussin for all his ultra-classicism is from certain points of view essentially romantic.

This romanticism was carried even farther in the landscapes of Claude Lorrain, an artist who, as M. Dimier recognizes, was not French (Lorraine had at that time of course not yet been annexed). Had Claude lived after, instead of two centuries before, Turner, we should no doubt find him dull; his importance is primarily historical, and even as it is, we feel in him a personality less fine-grained than Poussin.

In the second half of the sixteenth century, the academy is established and also the French School at Rome. A centralized court rules taste with a rod of iron. While Racine was writing tragedies in Alexandrines, Lesueur and Lebrun were depicting the exploits of Louis XIV or mythological allegories on great canvasses filled with innumerable figures. From the standpoint of painting most of these productions are rather boring. It was as a decorator that Lebrun was great. His was the personality which perhaps more than any other fixed the style of the great century, created a manner which has ever since and will perhaps always in the future be a standard *mise-en-scène* for urbanity.

Among these giants, a confused crowd of minor artists pass in and out of M. Dimier's pages. Passages lifted from this or that painting of Raphael or some other classic will be recognized in most of their canvasses—draperies are violently blown by impossible winds, Correggio-esque chiarascuro makes the figures look as if their faces and their hands had been smeared with phosphorus. Specialists in the period may find historical edification in such productions; for most, their commonplace quality will serve chiefly to throw into relief the genius of Poussin.

At this point M. Dimier hands over his pen to M. Réau whose two volumes dealing with the eighteenth century will be noticed in a subsequent number of the *Saturday Review*.

Blue Flower

FICTION AND FANTASY OF GERMAN ROMANCE. Selections from German Romantic Authors. Edited by FREDERICK E. PIERCE and CARL F. SCHREIBER. New York: Oxford University Press. 1927. $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT HERNDON FIFE
Columbia University

THIRTY years ago Ricarda Huch, Germany's most brilliant woman novelist, rescued the German Romantictists from the hands of rationalist critics and dry-as-dust professors and in two sympathetic volumes wove a poetic spell about the little coteries of North German poets and philosophers. Ever since then the Romanticists have been on the program of German publishers who cater to classes with academic tastes. In general, however, and with a few notable exceptions, the German reading public has remained as cold to their appeal as English and American readers have grown to be toward Scott and even Coleridge. Hoffmann, whose realistic treatment of the weird and gruesome won him a second fatherland in France, is still among the good sellers, and Heinrich von Kleist, whose imagination walked on too isolated a path to permit his classification with any group, enjoys a constantly increasing vogue. Aside from these, it is only here and there that a story like "Undine" or "Peter Schlemihl" belongs to the iron ration of all reading classes.

One wonders then at the courage of the two Yale professors who, disregarding the more popular items, have set forth to win an English reading public for a group of German Romantic stories, plays, and poems, few of which have ever appeared in English translation before. One suspects that the attempt is due less to any hope of success than to the missionary zeal that seizes all who have penetrated into the mysteries of the Romantic spirit and now feel impelled to lead others into the land of the Blue Flower. Indeed, in his introduction, Professor Pierce frankly confesses that the British temperament is irreconcilable with German Romanticism, and although he claims for American writers a greater power for assimilating its spirit, it was after all only the outer trappings of the Romantic School that Longfellow and Poe adapted, and the philosophy of the New England Transcendentalists was derived from Kant and Fichte and not from Schelling, the real apostle of Romantic philosphy.

No, it cannot be done! The inner core of German Romantic thought,—the universalism of Friedrich Schlegel's ideal of Romantic poetry, the profound depths of Novalis's lyrical effusions beside the grave of Sophie von Kuhn, the forest magic of Tick's early tales, and the erratic egoism of Brentano's "Godwi" either leave the English and American reader cold or else are translated by him into a Georgian or Victorian sentimentalism.

Wisely enough the editors have given us little from the heart of Romanticism, but stories and plays in which the medieval and bizarre prevail rather than the mystical. Of the two stories from Tieck, the one drawn from the "Young Cabinet Maker" does not belong to his Romantic vein; Brentano's tragical novelette of "Just Caspar and Fair Annie" is unique among his works for simple realism, Kleist's "Kaetchen" is the least original of his plays, while the inclusion of Hölderlin, Chamisso, and Uhland among the Romanticists arouses something more than a query. The reader who would find his way into the tangled depths of the Romantic forest where the Blue Flower blows must seek it through the initial story of the collection, Tieck's symbolic Maerchen of the Runenberg or in the brief selections from Wackenroder's mystical monologues on art and religion or the few lyrical interludes from Eichendorff. It is a pity that the editors did not find space for at least one other selection of this character, the introduction which Joseph von Görres wrote to the old German chap books, a really magical initiation into the Romantic soul.

One should not quarrel with the editors, however, for offering what the American reader will understand and appreciate. The book gives an interesting group of selections, supplementing those to be found in the volumes of the splendid series of "German Classics," the success of which was so cruelly halted by the coming of the Great War. The translations, all except three of which were made by the editors, are done with spirit and agreeableness. In particular, Pierce's rendering of the lyrics is worthy throughout and occasionally deserves higher praise, for even such an intangible as Hölderlin's song to the Fates retains in the English verse much of the subdued yearning of the original. The two introductions seek to bring the reader who knows his English literature into touch with the scope and character of the German Romantic movement. Professor Schreiber, who despairs, as every one must, of finding any formulas, analyses its various phases in terms of the complex and sensitive "German soul." This serves to complicate rather than simplify the problem of Romanticism and does not really get anywhere with it. Nevertheless the essay is interesting and stirs to thought and often to inner expostulation, as everything does that is written about this inexhaustible theme. Of the critical interludes that marshal in the various selections, one may be charitably inclined and say that they add nothing useful to an otherwise useful book.

A Puzzling Book

JUDITH SILVER. By HECTOR BOLITHO. New York: Knopf. 1929. $2.50.

It is diffcult to know just what to think of this puzzling book and its author. Mr. Bolitho shows the most contradictory virtues and faults, sometimes within the space of a single page, so that this second novel of his remains a doubtful affair at best. His hero, Simon Grantham, is often a genuine person and may be counted a success. But his opera singer heroine, for whom the book is named, is even more artificial than most fictional prima donnas, while her romance with Simon is completely unbelievable. The principal plot, however, deals not with this story of love but with the relationship between Simon and his father. Left a widower while still young, the older Grantham naturally takes a passionate interest in his son, around whom, in fact, his entire existence is centered. This passion ultimately leads him to madness and murder, providing the denouement of the book. In the earlier chapters which present Simon's boyhood in New Zealand under his father's care Mr. Bolitho is at his best. They are sober, well written, and founded on a clear knowledge of what he is writing about. The father's first attack on his son, the result of a childish piece of mischief, is horrifying but convincing.

However, when the scene shifts to England where Simon is sent to be educated, and where his father follows him when he is cured of his first attack of madness, the author is on less sure ground. The introduction of a family called Alveston who talk in an extraordinary manner, a few pot-shots at Americans, and a minor flirtation with an English girl occupy this section, which does not appear to be very necessary to the rest of Mr. Bolitho's story.

Finally, the scene is Paris, and the prima donna appears. Her only two rôles appear to be "Thaïs" and "Louise": she talks a great deal of her love for her work, reforms a libertine, and is apparently given to singing the tenor part in Charpentier's opera as well as her own, She comes to London and sings "Thaïs" so well that people say, "Madame Silver, you make her much greater than Massenet (sic) did himself." Simon Grantham falls in love with her at once. Not unnaturally Grantham père objects to this, goes mad for the second time, murders a woman, (not Judith, alas!), and the book unexpectedly ends. Whether the great Silver continues her unusual career, or marries Simon, or both, is left to the reader's imagination.

Mr. Bolitho's book contains a good many well conceived separate episodes, but one puts it down convinced that his undoubted talent would be much better employed in telling us more about the strangely attractive New Zealand of his first few pages than in chasing that mythical creature, the romantic prima donna of fiction.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

A PAMPHLET AGAINST ANTHOLOGIES. By LAURA RIDING and ROBERT GRAVES. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2. 1928. $2.

It would be an error—social, perhaps, rather than literary—to take quite seriously Miss Riding's and Mr. Graves's amusing diatribe against anthologies and their makers. The anthologies will probably continue, with the proportion of good to bad about the same, until the reading of all verses is no more.

Mr. Graves and Miss Riding fall a little flat in their jibes. One wonders from time to time whether Mr. Graves doesn't after all find the pottage pretty thin for which he seems to have bartered the birthright that one thought was his ten or twelve years ago.

This "Pamphlet against Anthologies" is perfectly sound in intention, yet singularly offensive in execution. The result is smart and trivial and unimportant. We, for one, would rather read the despised anthologies! But perhaps the reader will not agree with us.

AMERICAN LITERATURE. By ERNEST ERWIN LEISY. Crowell. 1929. $2.50.

This is a concise, well-proportioned historical survey which is distinctive in its attention to the outstanding factors which help to explain the evolution of our national letters such as "The Puritan Tradition," "The Pioneer Spirit," "The Romantic Impulse," and "The American Scene." In arrangement it thus follows the approach advocated by Professor Norman Foerster and others in "The Reinterpretation of American Literature." The chronological treatment has this advantage over the geographical: it enables the teacher to use the book in a course devoted to the evolution of American ideals as embodied in literature, as well as enabling him to compare and contrast parallel developments in England, to trace the way in which European thought, impinging upon a frontier country, produced a literature distinctly national. The subject matter is thus firmly focussed and purposefully presented. Professor Leisy says he has tried in each case "first, to 'place' the man with reference to the movements of his day; next, to give the essential biographical facts; and finally, after a critical inspection of his work, to suggest what he has to say to posterity."

Ultimately, the teacher, noting the tendency toward a minimum of facts in preference for generalization, will have to confront this question: is it wiser to use a handbook whose abundance of facts will permit the teacher to devote his class time to a Socratic building up of significant generalizations, or a book like Professor Leisy's, whose interesting generalizations may be expected to whet the student's interest and encourage him to bring them to the test of facts?

Biography

BOLIVAR THE LIBERATOR. By MICHEL VAUCAIRE. Translated from the French by MARGARET REED. Houghton Mifflin. 1929.

This most recent life of the "Washington of South America" is dedicated to Blaise Cendrars, and it seems to be an attempt to imitate the work of Cendrars by serving up biography in the style of fiction. Now fiction, or a manner appropriate to fiction, may readily be made the vehicle of historical truth, at least so far as the historian can know the truth. It may portray a character or create an atmosphere with greater verisimilitude than appears in the jejune narrative of a professional historian. It requires, however, a familiarity with the subject matter which few but historians possess. Creative imagination can illumine, but it cannot create the facts of history or geography.

Michel Vaucaire's book makes good summer reading. It may introduce to many American readers one of the most extraordinary figures in the history of the New World. And that is all to the good. But as an acceptable portrait of the Liberator it is negligible. It is not fiction, but it is poor history and worse biography. The perspective is bad, if it can be said to exist at all. Chronology apparently is not of great consequence; proper names come and go, with no intimation whence or whither, be they of men or of institutions; and geographical items are misspelled and misplaced. Jaguars, alligators, great poisonous snakes, spider crabs, and impenetrable forests are somewhat overdone. The wars of independence being civil wars, there were atrocities on both sides, and there was also much heroism. But one receives the impression that the writer has the vaguest notion of the real character of Bolivar's campaigns. He certainly gives no satisfactory idea of Bolivar's military genius. His knowledge of the political background of the Spanish American revolts is woefully meagre, and his description of conditions which followed them is merely grotesque. The illustrations of the Bolivar house in Caracas are of the house as it exists to-day, unfortunately "restored" out of all semblance to its original self.

This book is addressed to the general reader. It can be adequately interpreted and understood only by one possessing a considerable previous knowledge of its subject matter.

THE DIARY OF MONTAIGNE'S JOURNEY TO ITALY. Translated by *E. J. Frechmann.* Harcourt, Brace, $3.50.

INDEX TO CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM. By *Helen Hefling* and *Eva Richards.* Boston: Faxon. $3.

Fiction

VENUS. By JEAN VIGNAUD. Bobbs-Merrill. 1929. $2.

The eponymous heroine of "Venus" is the Princess Beatrice Doriani, heiress of a great line of Genoese merchant princes, and one of the beautiful, imperious women that romancers create in order to show them tamed by love. The chief interest of the story lies in its setting, for the central figure fails to carry conviction; it is drawn too much from the outside. The book takes us from the decaying oligarchy of Genoa to the blindingly sunlit markets of Oran, and the author paints his vivid scenes apparently with first-hand knowledge.

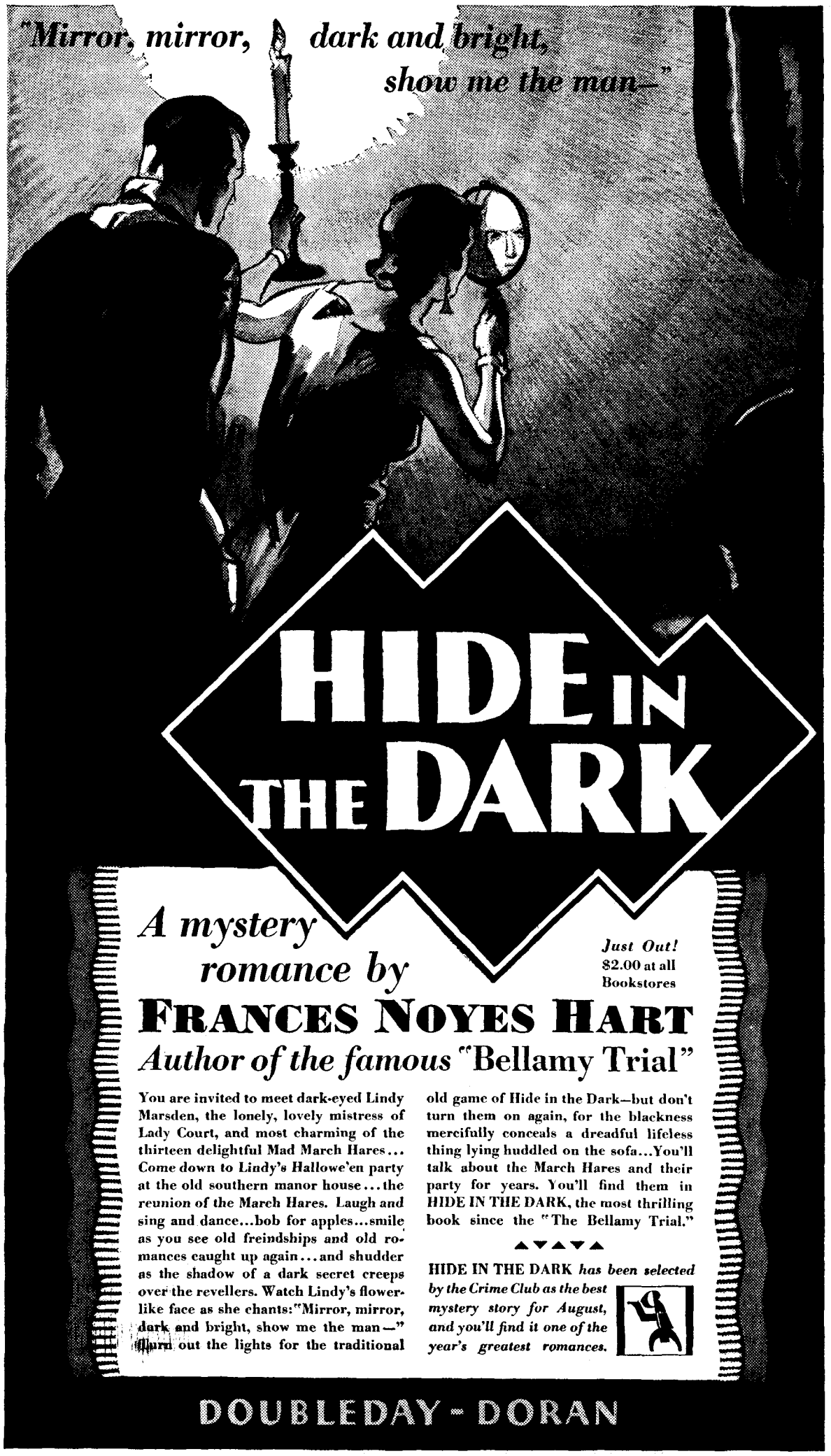
The translation is unfortunately wooden. The translator has made no attempt to reproduce the pun on the T. S. F. that one sees in French post-offices; and one suspects that his "the snobs" represents "*les snobs*," which is rather different.

AN ARTIST PASSES. By ARNDT GIUSTI. Dodd, Mead. 1929. $2.50.

This is an odd book; we do not sense the author's purpose, nor do we understand the significance of the central character. The suggestive title whets our interest in the situation of this Pancho Ortega, a heavy peasant dragging out his lazy days in a dusty, heat-ridden Mexican village. Pancho had a little facility in drawing, but he had no fire, no driving power, no real interest in his talent. Was he ever a genuine artist? We have our doubts. Much of the novel is spent in telling of Pancho's love affairs, which were uninspiring to him and which become uninteresting to us. Now and then we are told that Pancho is working on a picture, but we never feel that his work is even faintly to be taken seriously. Is the novel by any chance a satire directed at all artists, suggesting that they are dull fellows, more interested in their women than in their art? Or is this the supposedly tragic narrative of a man who in other circumstances might have been great? In short, Arndt Giusti has failed to tell a comprehensible, purposeful story.

Some of the descriptions in the earlier chapters are excellent. Each aspect of the heat, the ignorance, the lethargy of the Mexican cross-roads community comes to us vividly. We also feel keenly the hopeless stupidity of Pancho, but we doubt whether that was intended to be as important a part of the novel as it now seems to be.

(*Continued on next page*)


"Mirror, mirror, dark and bright, show me the man—"
HIDE IN THE DARK
A mystery romance by
FRANCES NOYES HART
Author of the famous "Bellamy Trial"
Just Out! $2.00 at all Bookstores
You are invited to meet dark-eyed Lindy Marsden, the lonely, lovely mistress of Lady Court, and most charming of the thirteen delightful Mad March Hares... Come down to Lindy's Hallowe'en party at the old southern manor house... the reunion of the March Hares. Laugh and sing and dance...bob for apples...smile as you see old freindships and old romances caught up again... and shudder as the shadow of a dark secret creeps over the revellers. Watch Lindy's flower-like face as she chants: "Mirror, mirror, dark and bright, show me the man—" Then out the lights for the traditional old game of Hide in the Dark—but don't turn them on again, for the blackness mercifully conceals a dreadful lifeless thing lying huddled on the sofa...You'll talk about the March Hares and their party for years. You'll find them in HIDE IN THE DARK, the most thrilling book since the "The Bellamy Trial."
HIDE IN THE DARK has been selected by the Crime Club as the best mystery story for August, and you'll find it one of the year's greatest romances.
DOUBLEDAY - DORAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceeding page*)

THE HOUSE OF JOY. By Jo van Ammers-Kuller. Translated from the Dutch by H. van Wyhe. Dutton. 1929. $2.50.

Jenny, the principal in this ably written story of stage life in Holland, is the only child of old-fashioned, provincial aristocrats, a self-willed, intensely egotistical girl whose heart is set on becoming a noted actress. Prevailing over the immovable opposition of her parents and her fiancé, the gifted Jenny departs from home in the care of Margaret, an elderly elocution teacher, beginning her professional novitiate with small parts in obscure touring companies. Slowly working her way nearer to the goal of her ambition, Jenny at length joins an aspiring troupe of artists presenting a repertoire of classic dramas in an Amsterdam theatre. The engagement offers Jenny her vital opportunity, and she grasps it tenaciously. Aided substantially by the infatuation for her of a veteran, temperamental thespian, the artistic mainstay of the company, Jenny rapidly rises over all her colleagues to the position, hardly earned as yet, of permanent leading lady. But her ruthlessly won success and virulent selfishness have so disrupted the back-stage harmony of her associates that various of the members resign and nearly wreck the prospect of the company's continued existence. Jenny is an extraordinarily convincing embodiment of her type, and the portraits of her keenly contrasted fellow-players are achieved with a touch no less masterly and revealing. In every essential the novel is a worthy successor to this author's notable "The Rebel Generation," and well deserves the attention of discriminating readers.

THE LONE WOLF. By Louis Joseph Vance. Little, Brown. 1929. $2.

The original glamour is not quite there when, after fifteen years, we reread "The Lone Wolf." Mr. Vance's story is a trifle dated; for all its vigor it is not really of our time. It is often vivid, often ingenious, but it is not good enough to be considered a classic of the literature of crime. Furthermore, the criminal as protagonist never seems to make for the best story and the most satisfactory dénouement. The detective as protagonist is, apparently, the most effective way of portraying conventional crime. Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Thorndyke, Father Brown, Philo Vance—all these stand a better chance than "The Lone Wolf" of being remembered twenty-five years from now.

KNIGHT'S GAMBIT. By Guy Pocock. Dutton. 1929. $2.50.

Aubrey Joliffe was a foundling who was adopted by a Church of England parson and his wife and brought up in the conservative English way. Aubrey, whether by inheritance or by accident, is not a conservative. His nature prompts him to innumerable questions about subjects that his godfather regards as irrevocably settled. The godfather is a fellow of no delicacy, and the result is a conflict in which the boy is eventually triumphant.

There is a great deal about English schools and English family life. Sometimes the narrative is interesting, and sometimes it drags. The book suffers from a certain aimlessness. The central theme is not powerful enough to bind the various threads of the narrative together. Some of the characters are interesting, but they spend a great deal of time doing uninteresting things, to the damage of the novel as a whole.

The Face in the Night. By *Edgar Wallace*. Crime Club. $2 net.

Sleeping Dogs. By *Carolyn Wells*. Crime Club. $2 net.

The Week-End Library. Third Issue. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

Peril. By *Lloyd Osbourne*. Crime Club. $2. net.

High Walls. By *Arthur Tuckerman*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

Crescendo. By *Ethel Mannin*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

Under the Admiral's Stars. By *Warren Hastings Miller*. Appleton. $1.75.

Babbitt of Main Street. By *Isidor Golub*. Privately printed.

The Inconsistent Villains. By *N. A. Temple Ellis*. Dutton. $2.

Sailors Don't Care. By *Edwin M. Lanham*. Paris: Contact Editions.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week.*)

Miscellaneous

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY. By Guy B. H. Logan. Duffield. 1929. $3.50.

Another item to add to the fast growing literature of crime! It is a good book; the subject matter is intensely interesting, the manner of presentation adequate. Fourteen murder cases are presented, some very famous ones which have been more exhaustively dealt with elsewhere, and some new to print. What stories these are, and how jejune crime fiction appears alongside the real, the infinitely various and inexplicable manifestations of human behavior! One never tires of murder cases because every one is different; murder is one of the few things left unstandardized. One's only fear is, as a famous crime writer has expressed it, that the supply of murders may become exhausted! For the connoisseur of crime it may be objected that these cases are too summarily dealt with. More space is needed for the development of the full flavor of a murder.

Among the fourteen here dealt with, we should award the palm to the case of the German Baker. This comes pretty near to being the perfect murder, because the corpus was finally and completely disposed of. Other murderers were not so fortunate as to have a nice, big oven handy. The beneficiaries went about their business in perfect serenity knowing that it is impossible to prove a murder without a corpse. Unfortunately for them they made too free with the missing man's effects and were had for forgery, thus marring the perfect crime.

Philosophy

Character and Events. By *John Dewey*. Holt. 2 vols. $5.

Principles and Problems of Right Thinking. By *Edwin Arthur Burtt*. Harper. $3.50.

The Recovery of Truth. By *Count Hermann Keyserling*. Harper. $5.00.

Fundamentals of Child Study. By *Edwin A. Kirkpatrick*. Macmillan.

Creative Imagination. By *June E. Downey*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

A Study of Educational Achievement of Problem Children. By *Richard H. Paynter* and *Phyllis Blanchard*. New York: The Commonwealth Fund.

Science

MODERN BIOLOGY. By J. T. Cunningham. Dutton. 1929. $3.

Professor Cunningham of London believes that some of the conclusions drawn from recent biological researches have been reached by fallacious reasoning and he hopes to show in his "Modern Biology" what the fallacies are in certain cases. He discusses in a series of more or less distinct essays, designated chapters, such perennially interesting problems as Mechanistic Biology and Neo-vitalism, Reproduction and Evolution, Recapitulation and Evolution, Acquired Characters, Secondary Characters, and Mind and Consciousness.

Although the presentation of an unorthodox viewpoint is always stimulating to the specialist, it usually makes confusion worse confounded for the layman. Accordingly the present volume is not for the latter who necessarily cannot be in a position to evaluate the material Dr. Cunningham presents in opposition to the consensus of modern biological opinion.

SEIDEL OVER TO HOBOKEN
New York's Last Seacoast of Bohemia

AFTER DARK, or Neither Maid, Wife, Nor Widow
Old Rialto, 118 *Hudson St., Phone Hoboken* 8088
Every Evening, Including Sundays, 8.30. Matinee Saturday only.

Prices, 75c to $2.00. Reservations by Telephone
HOBOKEN: Where Your Ship Comes In.
Christopher Morley — Cleon Throckmorton

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins and Gilbert M. Troxell

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

A DISPATCH from London to "Science Service" states that "the library of Sir Isaac Newton is now for sale there, and British men of science are wondering what its ultimate fate may be. Will it cross the Atlantic to the United States, as so many of England's literary treasures have done in recent years, or will it find an appropriate resting place in the Royal Society's library or at Newton's alma mater, Trinity College, Cambridge? Though no definite price has been set so far, it is not likely that the books will be sold for less than $100,000. The present owner will sell the library only as a complete unit, so there is no danger of it being scattered.

"Until the recent discovery of these books by Colonel R. de Villamil, the whereabouts of Newton's library was a mystery of many years' standing. Because of his eminence in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, it was obvious that Newton must have had a large library, but none of the biographies mentioned it. Until 1920 it was thought that the library had vanished completely.

"But in that year an old mansion at Thame Park, in Oxfordshire, was sold at auction by the owner, a Mr. Wykeham-Musgrave, who owned another home at Barisley Park, in Gloucestershire. To this sale were sent a lot of old books from the latter house. The books were not known to be of any particular value, and were sold as rubbish, even though a few bore the autograph 'Js. Newton.' The entire lot went for about $500. A few of the purchasers discovered that they had books from Newton's library. These were eventually sold in London by a large dealer in old scientific works, but a considerable number of the books were sent to the pulp mill and irretrievably lost. Of those sold, many were bought for American libraries. Many brought prices as high as several hundred dollars, and one, the copy of Euclid that Newton used as a student at Cambridge, was listed at $3,000.

"In 1927, at the time of the tercentenary of Newton's death, Colonel de Villamil wrote an account of 'The Tragedy of Sir Isaac Newton's Library' in *The Bookman*. This came to the attention of Mr. Wykeham-Musgrave, who finally invited Colonel de Villamil to visit his Barnsley Park home to see a few books that still remained. He had previously discovered a catalogue of the library, made about 1760, showing that it had contained 1,896 books.

"'I went,' he later said, 'expecting to see probably fifteen or twenty books, but found I could count at least 300 or 400, and I guessed that there might be 600. I have catalogued them, and have actually found 860, which, out of 1,896, is more than one would call a residue.'

"All these books had been stuck away in cupboards and corners, where their owner did not even know of their existence, otherwise they would probably have been sold at Thame Park and lost.

"Colonel de Villamil has now worked out the complete history of the library. After Newton's death it was sold to his neighbor, John Huggins, warden of the Fleet prison. He gave the books to his son, Charles Huggins, rector of Chinnor. When he died, about 1750, his successor, Dr. James Musgrave, bought it from the estate for £400 and pasted his own bookplate in the books over the Huggins bookplate. The Musgrave plate consisted of his arms combined with the Huggins arms, for he had married Charles Huggins's niece. Underneath was the Latin motto, 'Philosophemur.' This bookplate is still in the books, together with the numbers Dr. Musgrave put in them when he catalogued the library, about 1760. It is this catalogue that Colonel de Villamil found.

"Dr. Musgrave died in 1778, and the library passed to his son, who took it to Barnsley Park. There it was recatalogued and renumbered. Though the original owner was then recognized, the Newton tradition was finally forgotten, and they were stuck away as old books of no particular value. There they remained until discovered by Colonel de Villamil."

JOHN GALSWORTHY has donated his "Forsyte" manuscripts to the British Museum. Apropos of the gift the *Manchester Guardian* has the following to say: "They are worth a small fortune, and they are certain to appreciate greatly in years to come. No other English writer, with the possible exception of Mr. Shaw, has such a vogue abroad, and almost every month sees an advance in the prices of his first editions. As readers of our Christmas Number will recall, Mr. Galsworthy is one of the few modern authors who write everything in their own hand. He once told me that he found it impossible to think with a typewriter in front of him, and he raised his eyes in mock horror when I mentioned the dictaphone. In his study at Hampstead all his manscripts are carefully preserved in a row of red morocco boxes shaped like book covers. Those he has presented to the British Museum are to be seen in the Greville Room. Mr. Galsworthy is at present on holiday in France."

Another gift to the Museum is that of Gabriel Wells, who has presented to it a number of letters from Charles Greville, English diarist, which were simultaneously published for the first time by the *London Times* and the *New York Times* on June 15.

The letters show how near Great Britain and the United States came to war in 1856 over the "Crampton Affair." They will now be available at all times to students and historians.

RANDOM HOUSE is about to issue an edition of the "Narrative of the Life of Mary Jemison." This Indian captivity, perhaps the most conspicuous in the field of Americana, now is printed, for the twenty-third recorded time, with friendly authorization by the Trustees of The American Scenic & Historic Preservation Society.

This reprint of the 1824 edition attempts to hold the spirit with its quaint spelling rather than to slavishly duplicate the first printing. Nor are there included any of the many and important editorial notes contained in the current edition published by The American Scenic & Historic Preservation Society. This folder shows a text page and the paper size of the book.

An etched portrait study, based on the Bush-Brown statue at Letchworth Park, New York, is inserted as a frontispiece. The binding is leather back with paper over board sides. There are planned 192 pages to be printed from type for nine hundred and fifty copies priced at six dollars each.

Mary Jemison was taken by the Indians in the year 1775, when only about twelve years of age, and was still residing among them at the time of her writing in 1823. The book contains "an account of the murder of her father and his family; her sufferings, her marriage to two Indians, her troubles with her children, barbarities of the Indians in the French and Revolutionary Wars; the life of her lost husband, etc., and many historical facts never before published." To it is added "an appendix, containing an account of the tragedy at the Devil's Hole, in 1763, and of Sullivan's Expedition; the Traditions, Manners, Customs, etc., of the Indians, as believed and practised at the present day, and since Mrs. Jemison's captivity; together with some anecdotes, and other interesting matter," by James E. Selaver, who published the narrative in 1824.

IN 1927 there was founded in London a Kipling Society, the aims of which were: "To read papers and hold discussions upon Kipling's writings; to circulate promptly among members information of any occasional verses, etc., written by Kipling, which might otherwise escape their notice; to form a complete Kipling Library (including early, out-of-date works, and the many books that have been published dealing with Kipling and his writings) for the convenience of members; to issue a periodical, dealing with the proceedings of the Society, and containing other matters of interest, and to do belated honor to, and to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

extend the influence of, the most patriotic, virile, and imaginative of writers, who upholds the ideals of the English-speaking world." The home of the Society is in London. Its president is, and from its creation has been, Major General Lionel C. Dunsterville, who was the original "Stalky" of "Stalky & Co." One of the vice-presidents is G. C. Beresford, Esq., the original "McTurk" of the same stories. There are to-day thirty-seven vice-presidents of the Society, five of whom are citizens of and residents in the United States, and one of Canada. The total present membership of the Society numbers over seven hundred, living in all parts of the world, of whom but forty-eight are citizens and residents of the United States, scattered in fourteen different states. Of these forty-eight, four memberships are held by libraries as such.

The Society states that while it is unlikely that it could do much in the way of national gatherings in the United States, because of the great distances and costs involved in any effort to get together nationally, nevertheless, if a material increase in membership can be made in this country, it would seem practicable and most attractive to arrange local and, perhaps, State meetings among members.

The annual dues of the Society, paid in London, in English money, are 10 shillings and 6 pence, to which, in individual payments, must be added the cost of money order and postage. Any person interested may join direct by paying as above and forwarding application to "The Hon. Secretary, The Kipling Society, Escart, Milford-on-Sea, Lymington, Hants, England." The Secretary is Mr. R. T. Gibson Fleming.

However, it will be very desirable, for the convenience of members in this country, if there can be established and mantained here a branch of the office of the Secretary of the Society, through which all business on this side of the water can be conducted. To meet such costs as may be involved in the operation of such an office, the entrance and annual dues for members joining and paying dues through the United States Office of the Secretary, will be three dollars ($3.00) a year, payable in advance; and it is most earnestly hoped that the members will feel that the greater convenience to them resulting from the maintenance of such an office will more than compensate them for the small advance charged over and above the dues as paid in England. The Secretary for the United States gives his time and labor without compensation of any kind, and such expenses as the printing and distribution of this sheet have been met by contributions from a few leading admirers of Kipling's works who are citizens of this country and members of the Society.

THE Lazarist Mission in China has recently issued an imposing volume of six hundred pages by Alphonse Hubrecht, entitled "Grandeur et Suprématie de Peking," which brings together the result of twenty years of historical, archæological, and literary research. The first portion of the book is a history of China and of her foreign relations from the beginning of the Mongol dynasty to the proclamation of the Republic; the second deals with the palaces, temples, tombs, and pagodas of Peking and its vicinity, with sidelights on the family, social, and religious life of the inhabitants. The volume contains, too, impressions and reminiscences of the author.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces an open competitive examination for Junior Librarian (for men and women) and Under Library Assistant (for men only).

Even in marriage intimacy

There may be "fastnesses of the mind and heart that never are revealed or comprehended." Thus Edwin Clark speaks of

LANES LEAD TO CITIES

the new novel by Georgina Garry, author of *Pigsties With Spires*. He says: "Miss Garry has told this story of broken loyalty, of kind hearts, of romance that refused to die, with a deep sympathy and occasional gentle humor which understands the cross purposes of life." $2.50

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc.

JAMES F. DRAKE, *Inc.*
Rare Books :: First Editions
Autographs
CATALOGUES ISSUED
14 West 40th Street, New York

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICES

AUTOGRAPHS

COLLECTOR OF AUTOGRAPHS, rare books, modern first editions, etc., should write to The Autograph Agency, 31 and 33 High Holborn, London, England, for catalogues which will be sent free on request. With each catalogue will be sent particulars of The Young Collectors Club, a newly formed organization to help young collectors who have not yet left school or college.

BARGAIN OFFERS

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOP'S Semi-Annual 20% Cash Discount Sale continues to attract all discriminating bookbuyers. This 20% discount off our already reasonable prices applies to our entire large and choice stock of new, old and rare books, fine sets, choice bindings, first editions, private presses, old, unusual and curious books.—All new books advertised in this paper less 20%, plus postage, on orders accompanied by remittance.—Do not miss this great opportunity to acquire desirable books at bargain prices—Call at our interesting shop or write for free catalogues. Following few items, picked at random, have the discount already deducted on orders accompanied by remittance.—Money refunded if not satisfied. Turgenev, Plays, 2 volumes ($4.00), our price $1.40.—Hearn, Kotto ($1.50), our price, 60 cents.—Venturi, Italian Art, 300 illustrations, ($4.00) $1.60.—Frazer, Man, God and Immortality ($3.00) $1.20.—King Arthur, Illustrated by Rackham, ($2.50) $1.00.—Hirst, John Morley's Early Life and Letters, 2 volumes, ($10.50) $3.60.—Golden, History of the Five Indian Nations, 2 volumes, $2.00.—James Bryce, Studies in Contemporary Biography, ($4.00) $1.60.—Oriental Art, with 100 plates in color, small folio, ($12.50) $3.60.— Esoterica Americana, Sophisticated Stories by American Authors, edited by Van Doren, decorated by Rockwell Kent, limited edition, ($12.00) $3.00.—Thousands of other bargains. Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue, at 12th Street, New York.—Visit our Annex (around the corner, 8 West 13th Street, open until 6 p. m.) Thousands of good books, 10c to $1.00

20% DISCOUNT SALE. SCHULTE'S Semi-Annual Cash Discount Sale. Following bargains listed with 20% discount already deducted. Voltaire's Princess of Babylon, Nonesuch Press, $8.00; George Herbert's The Temple, Nonesuch Press, $12.00; Congreve's Way of the World, unexpurgated text, Haymarket Press, $7.20; McNeill's Cabellian Harmonics, introduction by Cabell, limited Random House edition, $3.20; Sherwood Anderson's New Testament, first edition, $2.40; Cabell's Cream of the Jest, Pape illustrations, first edition, $4.80; William Blake's Works, Nonesuch Press, 3 volumes $48.00; James Thomson's Poems (including City of Dreadful Night) nicely printed edition, $1.00; Baudelaire's Complete Poems, $1.00; Mark Twain's Fireside Conversations 1601, privately printed, $2.00; Stiles' History of Bundling, unusual Colonial courting custom, $2.00; Experiences of Flagellation, privately printed, $2.80; Westropp-Wake's Ancient Symbol Worship, illustrated, $2.40. Catalogues free. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

MADELEINE (formerly suppressed) $5. Venus in Furs, Illus. $8. Beardsley's Venus and Tannhauser, Illus. ($20) special $12.00. Jurgen $1. Boccaccio's Untold Tale, $1. Sulamith, Illus. $5.50. Hands Around, (Reigen) $3.50. Great Abnormals, $1.75. Kurpin's Yama, $8.00. Aphrodite, $4.50. Illus. Send for catalogue, if in New York, visit us. Field Book Service, Inc., 1261 Broadway, New York.

BARGAIN BOOK BULLETINS MAILED free monthly. Send for them. Congressional Bookshop, Washington.

NEW CATALOGUE of special bargains now ready. Wyman C. Hill, 9 Haynes Court, Leominster, Mass.

UNEXPURGATED TRANSLATIONS at drastic reductions. Decameron; Rabelais; Droll Stories; Satyricon of Petronius, etc. Renaissance Book Co. (Room 3), 131 West 23rd Street, New York.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF ALL magazines. Magazine excerpts. List free. Salisbury, 78 East 10th St., New York.

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 145 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOK BINDING

EXPERT HAND BOOKBINDING and Casemaking for First Editions or Autographs, Exclusive Best Imported Materials, Restoration and all forms of Scientific Book Reclamation. Period Modernist and Conventional Designs. Prices on request. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., 240 West 23rd St., New York City.

BOOKS BOUGHT

WE WILL BUY YOUR BOOKS. We especially want modern books on Art—Literature—Philosophy. We are prepared to buy entire libraries or miscellaneous books in any quantity, and pay cash. Call, phone or write us at our new store, 265 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., Telephone Nevins 6920. Niel Morrow Ladd Book Co., 25 years of Book Buying Experience.

BOOK PLATES

COPPER PLATE STYLE $4 TO $5 PER hundred. Send 10c for samples. Frank E. Bittner, 251 High Street, Nutley, N. J.

FIRST EDITIONS

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS. We carry a representative stock, including Cabell, Conrad, Hardy, Hearn, Robinson. Grolier Book Shop, 6 Plympton Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

FIRST EDITIONS AND AUTOGRAPH material of modern authors. Advise us of your particular interests and we will send specially prepared lists of quotations. Catalogues issued. Phoenix Book Shop, Inc., 41 East 49th Street, New York City.

FIRST EDITIONS

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE OF modern First Editions, Old and Rare Private Press Books. Ready shortly. The Holiday Bookshop, 49 East 49th Street, New York.

THE WALDEN BOOK SHOP, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, issues catalogues of modern first editions and monthly announcements of interest to collectors. Catalogues listing Shaw, Galsworthy, Huxley, Barrie, Wells, Williamson and Hearn first editions will be sent on request.

NOTABLE ADDITIONS IN MODERN first editions, and collectors' items. Advise your special interests. Gelber, Lilienthal, Inc., 336 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

FOREIGN BOOKS

VISIT THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 W. 96th Street (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Low prices. Catalogue 5 cents (stamps).

GENERAL

ODD CURIOS, unusual and extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interest. Union Square Book Shop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

O'MALLEY BOOKSTORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (57th St.) Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable, expert service. Open evenings.

LITERARY SERVICES

ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY SCHOOL of Writing. *The Saturday Review*: "Needless to say, we can recommend Mr. Holliday most heartily to any aspiring writer who really wishes to look the facts in the face." *Theodore Maynard*: "The thing I like about the whole scheme is its eminent practicability." *Englewood Cliffs,* New Jersey.

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, critized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as writer, editor, publisher. Thirty helpful text-books. Catalogue. James Knapp Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY advisor. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers Workshop, Inc., 125 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

YOUR MANUSCRIPTS SHOULD BE sold? This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections. Publications planned. Editor, literary adviser. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Ave., New York City.

STORY IDEAS wanted for photoplays, talking pictures, magazines. Big demand. Accepted any form for revision, development, copyright and submission to markets. Established 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 411 Western and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING

TYPING MANUSCRIPTS—EXPERTLY, intelligently done. Pauline Resnikoff, 1400 Broadway (38th Street), New York. Wisconsin 1777.

EXPERT MSS. TYPING—Perfection of detail. Personal service; no assistants. E. S. Pratt, 1531 Edith Street, Berkeley, Calif.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS WANTED—All subjects; especially Southern Reconstruction stories; booklet on request. Meador Publishing Co., 27 Beach Street, Boston, Mass.

NEW YORKIANA

BOOKS AND PRINTS on the quaint and strange manners, customs and frivolities of our ancestors in New York State and City. Catalogue inquiries not solicited, but private correspondence graciously welcome. Arthur Carlson, New Yorkiana Specialist, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT OF PRINT Books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

PRIVATE PRESSES

PRIVATE PRESS BOOKS—A catalog of the publications of the English, Continental and American presses for which we are American distributors will be sent upon request. WALTER V. McKEE, Inc., 56 W. 45th Street, New York.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

PLAYS, NOVELS, STORIES Marketed. Write for terms. Literary Service Bureau, Steinway Hall, New York.

TYPOGRAPHY

10% OFF, LIMITED TIME. BOOKS of typographical interest. List. A. Leland Ziglatzki, 168 Wethersfield Avenue, Hartford, Connecticut.

SCHEDULES OF RATES

ADVERTISING RATES for this classified page are as follows: For twenty consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 7 cents a word; for any less number of insertions, 10 cents a word. The forms close on Friday morning eight days before publication date. Address Department GH, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York, or telephone BRYant 0896.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers . 37 West 57th Street . *New York*

It will be a year come Michelmas since *The Inner Sanctum* demolished its time hallowed rule against quoting reviews in this column. But when a book begins to "click," all injunctions, taboos, restrictions, and inhibitions are off.

And *Private Secretary*, the new novel by ALAN BRENER SCHULTZ, *is* clicking . . .

The staccato of typewriters, the insistence of telephones, the repartee, light and bitter, that flashes across the humming rooms from rouged lips to rouged lips—these have been accurately described in a steady flow of easy, light-fingered prose. It rushes on with the speed of motor cars, swirls and tumbles like the swirl and tumble of the crowds at luncheon time. . . . Unquestionably, Mr. Schultz has captured his locale.—THE NEW YORK SUN.

Bad girls flock through the subways, emerge in the sooty streets, vanish again in the labyrinths of New York office buildings. Bad girls with flippant faces and high hearts. They are earning a living. They are trying to scale an endless ladder to the top of their dreams. . . . And so these girls are forever pushing forward, forever falling back between the new sense of values and the old, between woolens or silk bloomers, between beaux in the back parlor or jaunts to Atlantic City with the boss, between washing dishes in security or doing the night clubs in dazzled danger. It is a hard choice for youth in its ignorance. PRIVATE SECRETARY *is the story of one girl's choosing . . .* —THE NEW YORK HEARLD TRIBUNE.

At the sign of the three sowers rampant, these books are now leading the field on the Simon and Schuster best-seller list:

The Art of Thinking
Believe It or Not!
The Mansions of Philosophy
Wolf Solent
Private Secretary
The Cradle of the Deep
Cross Word Puzzle Book. Series 12

The other evening a Long Island neighbor confided to *The Inner Sanctum* that his deepest ambition was to accumulate a million-dollar surplus for an outright gift to humanity. It would take the form of a million copies of two books. *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *Bambi, A Life In the Woods.*

—ESSANDESS

Believe It or Not!
Believe It or Not!
Believe It or Not!
Believe It or Not!
Believe It or Not!
Bel...

Ask your book-seller for RIPLEY'S *famous book—an Oddysey of Oddities—a thousand and one facts and pictures of Curiosity's Passionate Henchman —first aid to the dying art of conversation and ennui's invincible foeman—a non-stop best-seller everywhere!* BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

Believe It or Not!
Believe It or Not!
B... t!
B... t!
Believe It or Not!
Believe It or Not!
Believe It or Not!

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers · 37 West 57th Street · *New York*

"A breathless book... absorbing and exciting. More: It is a public duty for every citizen to know the facts it contains and to ponder their significance."—New York Sun

MEN AND MACHINES
By STUART CHASE
MACMILLAN · $2.50

WE'VE heard from the *Phœnician.* Six days after we sent him an important telegram we've received an answer to it. We gather from its general *dolce far niente* vagueness and its generous greetings to us that the Phœnician is on anything but labor bent. Probably he's still living in the memory of the Bohemian gambols, or else he's again making an excursion to that great estate on which Mr. *William Randolph Hearst* keeps giraffes and lions as backyard pets. We only hope he is accumulating all sorts of juicy items for you. . . .

No, certainly we didn't mean juicy in reference to broiled wild animal steaks. We meant meaty gossip,—oh, well, we can't get away from the implications. . . .

Talking of animals, the Yale University Press is about to issue "The Great Apes," by *Robert M. Yerkes* and *Ada W. Yerkes.* For several years odds and ends of news have been drifting into the papers concerning the observations on the habits of chimpanzees being made in the Primate Laboratory at Yale and Mr. Yerkes's own experiments with gorillas in Florida. And now here is a book that embodies the results of this most painstaking scientific research. We wouldn't have believed it. We wouldn't have believed that a work produced by and primarily for scientists (*pace* the editorial on our first page) could have proved so altogether fascinating. It's an entirely unvarnished chronicle of the social, parental, and familial relations of the anthropoids, but in a hasty scramble through its pages we couldn't find a paragraph that wasn't packed with interest, and never have we seen a volume which more triumphantly proved that facts, just plain, unadulterated facts could be as enthralling as romance. So many curious matters spring to attention in it that we refrain from mentioning any lest we be swamped by the mass. Springing, by the way, reminds us of the old limerick. Well, we're glad we sprang. . . .

Have you ever heard of "Perelmangitis"? It's what Horace Liveright says the literary world will be suffering from after S. J. Perelman has published "Dawn Ginsberg's Revenge" on August 16. . . .

Commander *Fitzhugh Green,* who in private life (or is that public life?) is on the staff of Putnams, and who has written no less than twenty-six books in addition to collaborating with Lindbergh in "We," says he can write at any time, at any place, and under any conditions. He has written with gunfire about him, in an airplane, in a submarine, in an Eskimo igloo. Now he's just published a book on *Bob Bartlett,* "master mariner." We wonder, if he can write twenty-six books when he's so to say a'dangle in the universe, how many he could produce if, like the rest of us poor worms, he were tied to a small corner of homeland. . . .

Homeland reminds us (something is always reminding us of something else until we zigzag through the literary gossip like a tipsy man) that *Maristan Chapman* has a new novel about the mountain folk of Tennessee off the press of the Viking Press. Sounds, doesn't it, as though that ought to be a new refrain? Press, press, press, the boys are stamping, or something of the sort. Well, Mrs. Chapman's books are something to stamp for; they have a sort of wild-apple pungency and wind-swept freshness. You'll meet Wait-Still-on-the-Lord Lowe and others of the characters of "The Happy Mountain" in "Homeplace." . . .

An English periodical (we refrain from mentioning its name lest we be supposed to have but one source of supply for our foreign news) writes above an article on *Proust* the caption: "The Marcel Wave," and in another column informs us that the house at Thetford, Norfolk, in which *Thomas Paine,* author of "The Age of Reason," was born is about to be sold. And *Peadar O'Donnell,* the Irish novelist whose "The Way It was with Them" appeared last summer is about to have his new tale, "Adrigoole," published by Putnams. We don't know what Adrigoole means, whether it's fish, flesh, or fowl, but we're willing to venture that it will be interesting, for Mr. O'Donnell has a gift for hard-bitten description, the power of making an economically written narrative connote much, and sympathy for the people whom he depicts with understanding but without sentimentality. . . .

Does anyone want to win $250? It will buy one of these new automobiles we see by the papers Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery, Ward are planning to send out in crates which are to serve as garages when their original purpose has been fulfilled. All you have to do to get one is to win the first, second, third, and fourth prizes offered by the Poetry Society of England (they total $250) for the best poems on Power in its broadest acceptance as evinced by *Caesar, Alexander the Great, Edison, Pasteur, Macdonald, Macdowell, Roosevelt,* and a further assorted lot of celebrities. We confess that a list that includes both *Christ* and *George Grey Barnard* seems to us to allow sufficient leeway for anything—even winning four prizes at once. If you're interested, write to Mrs. *Alice Hunt Bartlett,* Editor of the American Section of the *Poetry Review* at 299 Park Avenue, New York City. More than one poem may be sent. "As we have reason to know," the announcement before us states, "Mrs. Bartlett favors the sonnet form." As it is signed by Mrs. Bartlett, we imagine it does have reason to know. . .

Ladies, take notice! The Macmillan Company is about to issue a book by *William H. Baldwin* entitled "The Shopping Book," which is a "guide to household wisdom." It tells you how to buy economically and soundly, providing much useful information as to what constitutes good value in a number of selected instances, and many warnings in general. It's a great advance over a volume of the type which Bella Wilfer used to address as "Oh, you donkey!" That was a cook book, of course, "The Complete British Housewife," it was called, you will remember, and it had a maddening habit of saying "take a salamander," as if one were to be found just around the corner. It hasn't, as a matter of fact, the faintest kinship with this volume, and we hadn't any reason to mention it except that as we told you before something is always reminding us of something else. But the Bella Wilfers of the world will surely be the better off for having such a guide as "The Shopping Book" to help them through their novitiate as housekeepers, and if there were a *Dickens* today he might immortalize the volume. . . .

At last there is to be an English translation of the memoirs of that famous adventurer of the eighteenth century, *Lorenzo da Ponte.* Curiously enough, though they were first published in New York a century ago, and though they are full of spicy anecdotes of the career of this man who was adventurer, grocer, truck driver on the old Reading Pike, language master, Columbia professor, and operatic impressario, they have never until now been converted into English from the Italian in which they were written. Now they have been translated by *Elizabeth Abbot.* Lippincott is to issue them. . . .

Longmans, Green & Company sends us further news on the activities of *Lord Charnwood* of whom we were speaking last week. He is, it seems, to contribute a volume entitled "The Monarchy" to the English Heritage Series which Longmans is inaugurating. This is a series which is designed to interpret the Anglo-Saxon outlook. Its volumes will be in the nature of essays on matters political, physical, artistic, literary, and social. In addition to Lord Charnwood's volume, Longmans will issue this fall two others in the series, "English Public Schools," by *Bernard Darwin,* and "English Humor," by *J. B. Priestley.*

Priestley reminds us that a grand, two-volume novel, entitled "The Good Companions," is coming from his pen via Harper & Brothers. But there we go again. We'll stop before anything reminds us of anything else. Oh, no, we can't before we say that we were reminded all wrong last week. That forthcoming book of Maurice Hindus's on Russia of which we were speaking isn't "Broken Earth"; that's an old one. The new one is called "Humanity Uprooted." Hindus's name just reminded us of this earlier volume, and we wrote the title down without realizing it. So you see what comes of this unfortunate habit of being reminded. *Peccavi, peccavi.*

THE SUBSTITUTE PHOENICIAN.

Which is most economical . . .

and convenient to you? To buy twelve books, payment in advance, sight unseen, six or more of which you may not care for,

or—

to buy and pay for only such books as appeal to your individual taste, as you want them, when you want them.

SCRAPS OF PAPER

Memoirs by MARIETTA MINNIGERODE ANDREWS, author of *My Studio Window* ($5.00), and the following books are especially recommended to you by independent critics from all parts of the country.

THE HOUSE OF JOY

a new novel by JO VAN AMMERSKULLER, author of *The Rebel Generation.* ($2.50).

THE MURDER IN THE LABORATORY

a thrilling detective story by T. L. DAVIDSON. ($2.00). Make use of the independent recommendations of those critics you have confidence in,

but—

choose of your own free will from *all* the good books published. Do not be restricted by limited selection.

It will cost you absolutely nothing to glance through these books in any good bookstore. For advice and quick service, show this advertisement to any bookseller.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc.

Greece Today

By ELIOT GRINNELL MEARS

HERE is a panoramic picture of present-day Hellas, emerging vigorous and re-vitalized after two decades of constant turmoil. Taking the viewpoint of the business geographer and economic historian, the author has delved into the past and present of such influential factors in Greek history as population, climate, topography, education, politics, race, and culture. His book is a vivid and engaging narrative of the Greek scene, appealing alike to the economist, the classical scholar, and the intelligent tourist. *To be published soon.*

$5.00

STANFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

On All Best-Seller Lists because it has proved "one of the most helpful and thoughtful books of this generation."

A PREFACE to MORALS

By Walter Lippmann

At bookstores $2.50

The Macmillan Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, Chelsea, S. W., London, England.

A. J. P. S., Battle Creek, Mich., and T. H. H., Washington, D. C., ask for a good anthology of out-of-doors.

THIS call comes every year from some point of the compass; the most popular collection seems to have been "The Gypsy Trail," by Goldmark and Hopkins (Doubleday, Doran), with Mrs. Waldo Richards's "The Melody of Earth" (Houghton Mifflin) almost, if not quite, as beloved. There are two recent ones that go well into a pocket: "Nature Lover's Knapsack," by Edwin Osgood Grover (Crowell), and a bright little one edited by Marian King, "Mirror of Youth" (Longmans, Green). The latter has the advantage for youth that the editor is a young girl; the choice is uncommonly near what most young people really take to in verse. "Poems for Youth," edited by William Rose Benét (Dutton), has a good many out-door poems.

M. McA., San Francisco, Cal., opens a new vista in the Tomaltoes discussion. "May I be so bold," say she, "as to inquire into the fate of 'Lady Reed'? Obviously deserted by Sir John, did she stay to eat 'tomaytoes' and go on by post next day?" The original sender of this folktale, *E. B. of Buffalo, Wyoming*, who tells me he has any number more of these life-brightening legends on hand, is hereby invited to resolve the mystery.

J. S. B., Lewiston, Me., wishes to give a book to a professor of dramatics; one about the drama, but not a text-book nor a duplicate of what he may be expected to possess; price limit ten dollars.

I SUGGEST Clarence Stratton's "Theatron" (Holt), a survey in one large volume of the little theatre movement as at present developed in the United States, with a great many admirable photographic illustrations. It costs less than ten dollars and makes the effect that one of my friends once described when she said "when its over five dollars it's a present." Or you could give him Glenn Hughes's "The Story of the Theatre" (French), which gives an account of the development of stage production in Asia, Europe, and America, and should be in every drama library; or "The Development of Dramatic Art," by Donald Clive Stuart (Appleton), a survey of such value that I suppose it must be already in the possession of one directly concerned with this profession: each of these costs five dollars. Or there is another new book (all the above-named are of recent publication), Ashley Thorndike's "English Comedy" (Macmillan), which goes from medieval times, with a look back on classic influences, to the present day, and makes uncommonly good reading with its copious quotations as well as its own felicitous manner. Or there is a little book of unusual interest to the student of dramatics, "Hilari Versus et Ludi," re-edited from the Paris manuscript by John B. Fuller (Holt); these plays and verses by Hilarius, a pupil of Abelard, are given in the original Latin but with such full synopses of their meaning as almost to amount to a translation, while anyone with a few mouthfuls of Latin could manage to follow the text. They show the first use of the table of *dramatis personæ* affixed to the script—a device one would think must have started before that but did not until Hilarius thought of it—and one of the little religious dramas is the first one, so far as we know, to be given outside the church service.

J. M. A., Staten Island, N. Y. asked me some time ago for a list of travel books for England, "different from Baedeker;" in reciprocation he now sends the name of one he has discovered that deserves a high place on such a list, "Old World England," by Albert Osborne, published by Nash & Grayson. He asks for a similar list on Germany, but this is by no means so easy to assemble. We have one new book in America, "Towns and People of Modern Germany," by Robert Medill McBride (McBride) a small, illustrated book written since the War and the most useful we have in this line. The new Baedeker for "Northern Germany" came out in 1925, and when I was lately in Austria Dr. Canby showed me the new Baedeker for this part of the world, just off the press, by whose aid and that of some marvellous new binoculars he was reinforcing the delights of a trip down the Danube. "Vagabonding through Changing Germany," by Harry Franck (Century), is the result of a walk through that country undertaken between the armistice and the treaty. "In the Footprints of Heine," by H. J. Forman (Houghton Mifflin), is still valuable for the district between Göttingen and Ilsenberg, which the author traversed on foot; it involves history, legend, and description with a slight love story. "Picturesque Germany," by Kurt Hielscher (Brentano), is one of a series of beautiful photogravure picture-books, the others being for Italy, North Africa, Scandinavia, and Spain; one picture goes to a page, large, thoughtfully taken, and admirably reproduced. There are a few pages for Germany in A. B. Pain's "The Car That Went Abroad" (Harper) and the few that treat of Würzburg and baroque art in general, in Osbert Sitwell's polished opinions set down in "Discursions on Travel, Art, and Life" (Doubleday Doran), are unusually enlightening. Having just emerged from a serious effort to take baroque art seriously, and in just this part of the world, I found these opinions stimulating. There is a new book that I suppose will appear in the United States, Gerald Maxwell's "Old World Germany of To-day," with pictures and descriptions, travel suggestions, and the like; it is favored for travellers from England to Germany, and is on sale generally there. Our own tide of travel does not seeem to set in this direction, judging from the people I met on the way, but I believe that a few more books on how to get about in Germany would be welcomed by people planning Continental tours.

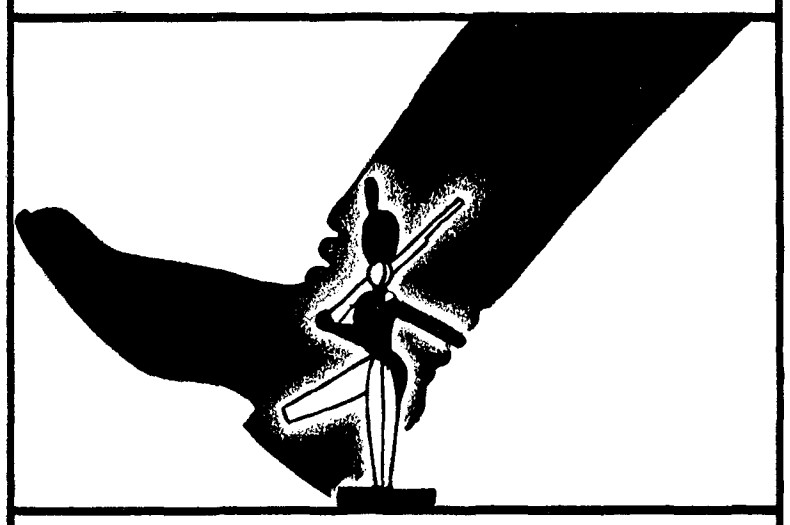
T. Y., New York, asks for books about inventions, for a youth of an inventive turn of mind.

WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT'S "Popular History of American Invention" (Scribner, 2 vols) is as interesting to read as it is valuable for reference; it is good for any age, if the reader is interested in inventions at all. "Masters of Science and Invention," by F. L. Darrow (Harcourt, Brace) goes from Galileo to Einstein and is meant for the teen age or even earlier. "Conquests of Invention," by Mary R. Parkman (Century), is a collection of biographical sketches of inventors of recent times, Cyrus McCormick, Alexander Graham Bell, Marconi, and the Wrights, with others as far back as Fulton; this is also for younger readers. "Discoveries and Inventions of the Twentieth Century," by Edward Cressy (Dutton), is for older readers, though in non-technical language; so is "Great Inventions and How they Were Invented," by C. R. Gibson (Lippincott). If the reader is planning to increase the world's effectiveness, give him "A Thousand Needed Inventions," by R. F. Yates, published by the Rochester Bureau of Inventive Science in 1925.

C. W. S., Newark, N. J., has just graduated from the N. Y. U. School of Commerce and has begun to take piano lessons, music being his hobby. He wishes some books on musical composition from a listener's standpoint, on history, or anything that will acquaint him with the principles of music.

THERE are a number of books for beginners of a younger age, but those for grown-ups are often quite as easy of comprehension by a beginner, critics having put their minds of late years on the duty of educating audiences to intelligent listening. The pioneer work of this kind was H. E. Krehbiel's "How to Listen to Music" (Scribner); it is still useful and "The Education of a Music Lover," by Edward Dickinson (Scribner), is a little book that will greatly enhance the pleasure of a devoted concertgoer. "Music: an Art and a Language," by Walter R. Spalding (Schmidt), is a study of musical structure, somewhat more advanced than the above-named, but still within the powers of a layman. For musical history there is a popular and competent survey by W. J. Henderson, "How Music Developed" (Stokes), that has held the field as long as Krehbiel's book; one of the volumes of the Home University Library, Sir William Hadow's "Music" (Holt); and the little "History of Music," by Paul Landormy (Scribner), that I keep at hand for rapid reference and find very useful. There are two listener's helps for special purposes that should be included in this list: "Musical Appreciation and the Studio Club," by Eva Clare (Longmans, Green), and "Everybody's Guide to Radio Music," by Percy Scholes (Oxford).

GOLDEN PILGRIMAGE



The militant memoirs of a tin-soldier general . . .

"A very astonishing achievement, for it is not only a true history." —FORD MADOX FORD

"An extraordinary first book . . . a thinker who is also a novelist." —MARY JOHNSTON

"A book which make Mr. Schindel's future books a matter of very genuine interest and importance." —EMILY CLARK

$2.50 DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

BAYARD SCHINDEL

The PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF NICOLO MACHIAVELLI

BY ORESTES FERRARA, LL.D.

AMBASSADOR OF CUBA TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

144 pp. 7 Plates. 8vo. Cloth, $2.25. 1929

After a short summary of Machiavelli's life, Dr. Ferrara gives a critical analysis of all his letters and of those written him by his friends, classifying them by g He discusses their literary value, and explains why these letters are the best Machiavelli's personality and, incidentally, to the family life of the Italy Renaissance.

Dr. Ferrara shows that Machiavelli, in his letters, deals with most important political questions and with unimportant private matters in precisely the same manner—the identical interest and psychological processes characterizing them as are found in his *The Prince*. In the opinion of the famous historian, Pasquale Villari, the correspondence of Machiavelli with his friend, Vettori, Ambassador of Florence to the Vatican, in which they review the entire political situation in Europe, is a memorial of great importance in the literature of the sixteenth century.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS PRESS

Baltimore, Maryland.

a TRIBUTE *by* JOHN DEWEY

"BEFORE a work of art," writes PROFESSOR JOHN DEWEY of *Columbia University*, "one is likely to be dumb or to indulge only in ejaculations; and when asked why one likes it, to reply, 'Go and see for yourself.' That is the way I feel about this genial and witty book, *The Art of Thinking*. I would say to the reader: 'Taste it, try it for yourself. Keep it close at hand, and read a page or two, a paragraph, opening at random. Browse about in it; read it consecutively. Keep it on a bedside table, and read it to compose your mind at night and to arouse it in the morning.

"And in answer to the question 'Why?' the best reply I can make is still 'Try it and see'. For the book is compact with the wisdom gathered in years of observation of himself and others. . . If there are those fortunate enough not to need any of the counsels that the author gives, I still urge them to read the book if only to make the acquaintance of an experienced and deeply wise personality." (*Signed*) Professor JOHN DEWEY in *Saturday Review of Literature*.

from THE INNER SANCTUM of SIMON *and* SCHUSTER

Publishers · 37 West 57th Street · *New York*

to THE ART OF THINKING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can You Imagine Books Like These Costing Only $1 EACH

Which of these 93 Famous Best Sellers Did You Put Off Buying When They Were $2.50 to $5.00 Each?

FULL LIBRARY SIZE

STAR DOLLAR BOOKS bring you the great masterpieces of today at a price so low that you can buy several volumes for the usual price of one. Each volume is full library size, 5½ x 8¼ inches, handsomely bound in cloth, beautifully printed, unabridged—the greatest book value to be had anywhere! Select from the brief descriptions below and get them at any bookshop—or, if you prefer, check the numbers you want on the FREE EXAMINATION COUPON and mail it WITHOUT MONEY.

1. MIRRORS OF WASHINGTON—*Anonymous.* America's leaders after the war. Former price, $2.50

2. SHORT LIFE OF MARK TWAIN—*Albert Bigelow Paine.* Former price, $2.50

4. WOODROW WILSON AS I KNOW HIM—*Joseph P. Tumulty.* Former price, $5.00

5. SCIENCE REMAKING THE WORLD—*Otis W. Caldwell* and *Edwin E. Slosson.* How Science has revolutionized our lives. Former price, $2.50

6. AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Former price, $2.00

7. A BOOK OF OPERAS—*Henry E. Krehbiel.* Former price, $2.50

9. EDGE OF THE JUNGLE—*William Beebe.* Exploration in Guiana jungles. Former price, $2.00

10. LOVE CONQUERS ALL—*Robert C. Benchley.* Ribald, glorious comedy. Former price, $2.00

13. CLEOPATRA—*Claude Ferval.* The glory and wretchedness of old Egypt. Former price, $2.50

14. U. S. GRANT—*William C. Church.* Former price, $2.50

15. IN BRIGHTEST AFRICA—*Carl E. Akeley.* Observation and life in African wilds. Former price, $2.50

16. BRAIN AND PERSONALITY—*W. Hanna Thompson.* How the brain controls our actions. Former price, $2.00

17. MIRRORS OF DOWNING STREET—*Anonymous.* Glimpses of fifteen English war statesmen. Former price, $2.50

21. RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE—*Captain Robert E. Lee.* Former price, $5.00

22. THE LIFE OF PASTEUR—*D. Vallery-Radot.* A sympathetic portrait of the great French bacteriologist. Former price, $3.00

23. ASTRONOMY FOR EVERYBODY—*Prof. S. Newcomb.* Former price, $2.50

24. MY LIFE AND WORK—*Henry Ford* in collaboration with *Samuel Crowther.* Former price, $3.50

25. ABROAD AT HOME—*Julian Street.* An amusing travelogue of our own country. Former price, $5.00

26. MY CHILDHOOD—*Maxim Gorky.* Poverty, bitterness and struggle molded the early life of this great Russian. Former price, $3.00

27. LINCOLN'S OWN STORIES—*Anthony Gross.* Anecdotes and fine humor reveal his kindly nature. Former price, $2.00

29. A SECOND BOOK OF OPERAS—*Henry E. Krehbiel.* Former price, $2.25

31. FOUR MONTHS AFOOT IN SPAIN—*Harry A. Franck.* Former price, $3.00

32. OF ALL THINGS—*Robert C. Benchley.* More in the same vein as LOVE CONQUERS ALL. Former price, $1.75

33. FAERY LANDS OF THE SOUTH SEAS—*Hall and Nordhoff.* The lure of the South Pacific. Former price, $4.00

34. SHANDYGAFF—*Christopher Morley.* A collection of his best essays. Former price, $2.00

35. THE NEW BOOK OF ETIQUETTE—*Lillian Eichler.* Former price, $4.00

36. BIRD NEIGHBORS—*Neltje Blanchan.* Birds, their habits and how to know them. Former price, $5.00

37. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI—Translated by *J. Addington Symonds.* Artist, lover, debauchee, duelist, Cellini reveals himself with unabashed candor. Former price, $8.50

38. NOW IT CAN BE TOLD—*Philip Gibbs.* Startling revelations of a war observer. Former price, $3.00

39. THE LOG OF THE SUN—*William Beebe.* A year with nature out-of-doors. Former price, $6.00

40. "DAWGS"—*Charles Wright Gray.* Stories of dogs by O. Henry, Booth Tarkington, Albert Payson Terhune, etc. Former price, $2.50

44. A BOOK OF PREFACES—*H. L. Mencken.* Some unconventional views on Conrad, Dreiser, Huneker and Puritanism. Former price, $2.50

45. CATHERINE THE GREAT—*Katherine Anthony.* A revelatory picture of the Empress of nations and the mistress of men. Former price, $4.00

46. STEPHEN CRANE—*Thomas Beer.* A powerful and sympathetic study of the tragic author. Former price, $2.50

47. TRAMPING ON LIFE—*Harry Kemp.* An amazingly frank "hobo" autobiography. Former price, $3.00

48. JOSEPH PULITZER—*Don C. Seitz.* The romantic career of America's great journalist and philanthropist. Former price, $5.00

49. CONFESSIONS OF A SPORTSMAN—*Rex Beach.* Bear-hunting in Alaska, cougar-hunting in Colorado, humorous adventures everywhere. Former price, $3.00

50. SIX YEARS IN THE MALAY JUNGLE—*Carveth Wells.* Astonishing and unbelievable, but true. Former price, $3.00

51. THE COMMON SENSE OF HEALTH—*Stanley M. Rinehart, M. D.* Sound, practical advice. Former price, $2.50

52. THE SAGA OF BILLY THE KID—*Walter Noble Burns.* A bad man and a killer, but his story is part of the Great Southwest. Former price, $2.50

53. FAMOUS TRIALS OF HISTORY—*Lord Birkenhead.* Former price, $4.00

54. AMERICA—*George Philip Krapp.* An enthralling story—history of our country. Former price, $2.50

55. THE CONQUEST OF FEAR—*Basil King.* This book has helped 100,000 people to rise above fear. Former price, $2.00

56. TRAINING FOR POWER AND LEADERSHIP—*Grenville Kleiser.* The qualifications for success and how to acquire them. Former price, $3.00

COUNT LUCKNER, THE SEA DEVIL; TRADER HORN; THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY; REVOLT IN THE DESERT; Charnwood's LINCOLN; MEANING OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION; Strachey's EMINENT VICTORIANS; CREATIVE CHEMISTRY—and 85 other famous best sellers which originally sold for $2.50 to $5.00. Handsomely bound. Full Library Size books—not little "pocket volumes." Many of the books contain illustrations as originally published. See them at your bookseller's—or send for your choice on 10 days free examination plan explained below.

57. THE BOOK OF LETTERS—*Mary O. Crowther.* A complete guide to correct letterwriting, both business and social. Former price, $2.00

58. THE NEW DECALOGUE OF SCIENCE—*Albert E. Wiggam.* How to understand science. Former price, $3.00

59. THE BOOK OF WOODCRAFT—*Ernest T. Seton.* Former price, $2.00

60. NATURE'S GARDEN—*Neltje Blanchan.* Wild flowers and the insects that visit them. Former price, $5.00

61. THE MAUVE DECADE—*Thomas Beer.* The romance of the 1890's. Former price, $3.50

62. FATHER DUFFY'S STORY—*Francis P. Duffy.* The "Fighting Sixty-ninth" in the World War. Former price, $2.50

63. PAUL BUNYAN—*James Stephens.* The legend of the North Woods hero. Former price, $2.50

64. JUNGLE DAYS—*William Beebe.* Fascinating jungle life in British Guiana. Former price, $3.00

65. THE ART OF LAWN TENNIS—*William T. Tilden, 2nd.* Former price, $2.00

66. LAY THOUGHTS OF A DEAN—*Dean William Ralph Inge.* Former price, $2.50

67. A STORY TELLER'S STORY—*Sherwood Anderson.* The autobiography of a Mid-West genius. Former price, $3.00

68. LONDON RIVER—*H. M. Tomlinson.* The foreshore of London and the romance of ships. Former price, $2.50

69. EDGAR ALLAN POE—*C. Alphonso Smith.* A misunderstood literary genius. Former price, $2.50

70. THE FABULOUS FORTIES—*Meade Minnigerode.* The decade of the covered wagon, the gold rush, the Mormons and hoopskirts. Former price, $3.50

71. BEGGARS OF LIFE—*Jim Tully.* Gusty experience as a hobo. Former price, $3.00

72. A LAUGH A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY—*Irvin Cobb.* His favorite anecdotes. Former price, $2.50

73. SUPERS AND SUPERMEN—*Philip Guedalla.* Arresting essays on Frederick the Great, Louis Phillipe and many others. Former price, $2.50

74. TODAY AND TOMORROW—*Henry Ford* in collaboration with *Samuel Crowther.* Ford looks to the future. Former price, $3.50

75. MURDER FOR PROFIT—*William Bolitho.* True tales of professional murderers. Former price, $2.50

76. A PARODY OUTLINE OF HISTORY—*Donald Ogden Stewart.* Former price, $2.00

77. THE NEW AGE OF FAITH—*J. Langdon-Davies.* What science knows of the race question. Former price, $2.50

78. THE NEWGATE CALENDAR—*Anonymous.* Confessions of notorious criminals of Newgate prison, salty and unconsciously funny. Former price, $3.50

79. EDISON: THE MAN AND HIS WORK—*G. S. Bryan.* Former price, $4.00

80. THE SEVEN AGES OF WASHINGTON—*Owen Wister.* The author of THE VIRGINIANS humanizes Washington. Former price, $2.00

81. THE MEANING OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION—*Everett Dean Martin.* What is education? Here is the true meaning of culture. Former price, $3.00

82. EMINENT VICTORIANS—*Lytton Strachey.* Portraits of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, Florence Nightingale, Cardinal Manning and General Gordon of Khartoum. Former price, $3.50

83. REVOLT IN THE DESERT—*T. E. Lawrence.* The greatest single-handed feat of the war. Former price, $5.00

84. MOHAMMED—*R. F. Dibble.* A biography of the prophet who founded the powerful religion of the East. Former price, $3.00

85. THE STORY OF MY LIFE—*Sir Harry H. Johnston.* Empire builder, explorer, scientist, linguist, painter and writer. Former price, $5.00

86. PSYCHOANALYSIS AND LOVE—*Andre Tridon.* The vital facts of human passions. Former price, $2.50

87. STUDIES IN MURDER—*Edmund L. Pearson.* Former price, $3.00

88. WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS: HIS LIFE AND WORK—*Marie D. Gorgas* and *Burton J. Hendrick.* The famous Surgeon General who conquered yellow fever. Former price, $5.00

89. HOW TO LIVE—*Arnold Bennett.* The prescription for a happy life. Former price, $5.50

90. ABRAHAM LINCOLN—*Lord Charnwood.* Charnwood's biography is one of the greatest of our time. Former price, $3.00

91. FATHERS OF THE REVOLUTION—*Philip Guedalla.* Washington, Adams, Jefferson and other great figures. Former price, $3.50

92. DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE—*D. G. Somervell.* Englishmen both, arch enemies, but builders of Empire. Former price, $3.50

93. CREATIVE CHEMISTRY—*Edwin E. Slosson.* The wonders of modern chemistry explained for the non-technical reader. Former price, $3.00

94. HEAD HUNTERS OF THE AMAZON—*F. W. Updegraff.* Thrilling sights never before witnessed by a white man. Former price, $5.00

95. GENTLEMAN JOHNNY BURGOYNE—*F. J. Huddleston.* Misadventures of a likable English General in the Revolution. Former price, $5.00

96. TRADER HORN—*Aloysius P. Horn and Ethelreda Lewis.* Trafficker in ivory, collector of gorillas, and admiral of a cannibal fleet. Former price, $4.00

97. THE FRUIT OF THE FAMILY TREE—*Albert Edward Wiggam.* Astounding discoveries about heredity. Former price, $3.00

98. WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS—*Frederick O'Brien.* The curse of white civilization that burdens these happy children of nature. Former price, $5.00

99. THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT LOVE AND LIFE—*Joseph Collins, M.D.* Sex ignorance and its dangers. Former price, $3.00

100. BOB, SON OF BATTLE—*Alfred Ollivant.* The immortal story of a sheepdog of the bleak English moors. Former price, $2.50

101. "HOSSES"—Compiled by *Charles Wright Gray.* A collection of the best stories about them by Zane Grey, Donn Byrne and 15 other writers. Former price, $2.50

102. PERFECT BEHAVIOR—*Donald Ogden Stewart.* A ridiculously funny parody on etiquette books. Former price, $2.00

103. ADVENTURES IN CONTENTMENT—*David Grayson.* Life seems more sunny after adventuring with this philosopher. Former price, $2.00

104. COUNT LUCKNER, THE SEA DEVIL—*Lowell Thomas.* The gallant adventurer who, in an old schooner sank fourteen allied ships without loss of a single life. Former price, $2.50

105. THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY—*Floyd Gibbons.* The vivid story of Baron von Richthofen, the greatest of German war aviators. Former price, $2.50

SEND NO MONEY--10 Days Free Examination!

GARDEN CITY PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 38, Garden City, New York.

Please send me the STAR DOLLAR BOOKS encircled below for 10 days' FREE EXAMINATION. It is understood that I will send you $1, plus 10 cents postage, for each volume, or I may return any or all the books without being obligated in any way.

(Encircle Numbers of Books You Want)

1	2	4	5	6	7	9	10	13	14	15	16	17	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	29	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	44
45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92
93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105			

Name.....

Address.....

CANADIAN ORDERS should be accompanied by remittance in full, including 10c per volume postage charges.....$1.10 per book.

Pay Nothing in Advance —Nothing to Postman

It is hard to believe such book-value possible at only $1. That is why we are making this FREE EXAMINATION OFFER. Use the coupon to mark the titles you want and mail it without money. Read the books for 10 days. Then send us only $1, plus 10 cents postage, for each title you keep. If you do not admit this the biggest book-value you ever saw, return the volumes and forget the matter. The editions of many titles are limited—don't delay.

GARDEN CITY PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 38, Garden City, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED